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MINDING VARMINTS. By Amy J. Baker.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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## MR. HALL'S AGRICULTURAL POLICY

MR. A. D. HALL has written and Mr. John Murray published a book on agriculture that is probably destined to exert a great influence on future policy. At any rate, it may be heartily commended to the consideration of the Committee which has already produced a scheme of Land Settlement for ex-soldiers and is now considering the general question. In fact, the book is to some extent made up of evidence submitted to the Departmental Committees presided over by Lord Milner, Sir Harry Verney and Mr. Henry Hobhouse. But there is not much ground for hoping that an official body will adopt the fundamental and far-reaching changes advocated. For it is hard to realise the revelation of the war as to the extent to which the use of the land must be enlarged and modified. Land in the past has been the favourite hunting ground of crank and faddist, and a hen-roost for raiding Chancellors of the Exchequer. It is a cause for thankfulness that the question is now discussed in the white cold light of reason by one who has no political axe to grind. Perhaps the most significant change in outlook is indicated by the

fact that, unlike the land taxers, Mr. Hall does not discuss how revenue is to be levied on our broad acres, but what the nation should pay in order to increase their productiveness. He puts forward three considerations which, like his other suggestions, are buttressed by hard fact. A home food supply will henceforth be considered a necessary insurance against the needs of war; it is needed to develop our internal resources and reduce our foreign indebtedness; a large agricultural population is imperially demanded by the needs of the State. If these postulates be admitted, as they must be, then the way is clear for a resolute dealing with the soil.

In trying to appraise the value of any practical suggestion the principle to be kept in view is that no system is good which is not attractive in itself. For, obviously, if the State acts philanthropically and bestows any advantage capable of being appraised in money, it will ultimately be sold as were the farm plots given to ex-soldiers by the Canadian Government after the war in South Africa. Now, arable cultivation produces three times as much food and employs ten times as many men as pastoral, but how is the farmer to be made to change? With pasture he risks less capital, runs up a smaller labour bill, and enjoys a sure and easily made income. And experience has made him shy of change. By tradition, if not from memory and experience, he knows there was a period in which food stuffs were so cheap as to be ruinous; how is he to be assured that it will not return? Theoretically, the machinery to employ is education, but that takes time. In half a century changes would be made voluntarily, but the country cannot wait so long.

Mr. Hall's ideas are sure to be accepted in a more or less modified form in the long run, but for the moment they will only appeal to farmers of the most intelligent class and to those who study the same problems as they are dealt with in other countries. When he sits down to draw up a policy that will bring the land into fuller employment, it is significant that he gushes very little over the projects which have recently occupied the public mind. It is true he includes the creation of small holdings, but he walks round this proposition with gingerly steps as one doubtful of its ultimate success. He writes very much more enthusiastically about the need for large industrial farms. The typical one for which he gives figures has an area of 5,000 acres at 20s. an acre. It would be worked by a general manager receiving a salary of from £800 to £1,000. Under him would be four assistant managers, each overseeing a section of the estate, a machinery manager, two skilled mechanics, a book-keeper with two clerks, and in addition a staff of 150 workmen at first, but increasing as more intensive methods were adopted. As one of his points is that the labourer must receive a greater wage, the bill for this account is a heavy one—£7,800. How this is to be made to pay the reader will find out for himself. The proposal is very certain to lead to a great deal of discussion. But this is only one method of increasing productiveness. Another is the establishment of colonies of small holdings linked together by a co-operative organisation, which Mr. Hall thinks at least an experiment worth trying. A third is the reclamation and settlement of waste and undeveloped areas—a form of increased productivity which we have warmly advocated for a long time—and the establishment of certain subsidiary agricultural industries. By far the most important of these is the growing of sugar-beet accompanied by the manufacture of sugar. On this point Mr. Hall does not speak dogmatically, and perhaps he will be listened to the more readily on that account. His point is that it will take time to teach the farmers the economy and the husbandry of sugar-beet, so that there may be losses at the beginning. Therefore he argues that the State should conduct this part of the business through its experimental stage.

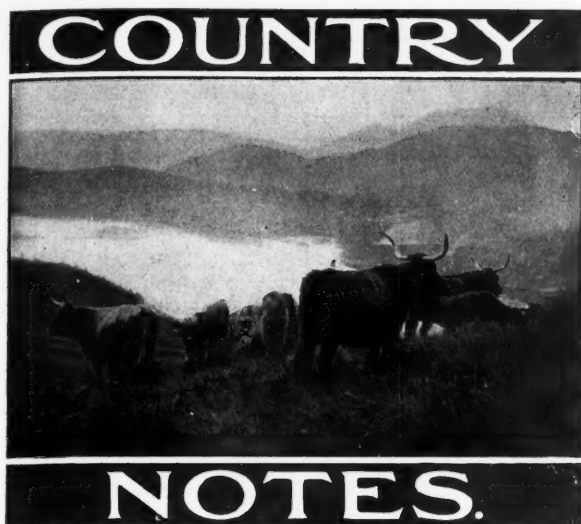
We must reserve for another occasion what remarks we have to make upon the compulsion and other means by which he proposes to achieve his end.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Meriel Graham, only daughter of Earl and Countess Bathurst, whose marriage with Lord Alastair Graham, third son of the Duke of Montrose took place on the 4th inst.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





**I**N spite of a general sympathy with Sir Edward Carson's demand for "no more perorations," the country welcomed Mr. Lloyd George's speech delivered to his constituents on Saturday. The phrase in it which was most appropriate to the situation was that in which he declared all his energy had been directed "to win the war." He set a very good example in dismissing his critics with a brief reference. This is no time for controversy and no sympathy whatever will be felt with those who, in spite of the overwhelming decision of the House of Commons, keep whipping a dead horse. The common-sense of the nation recognises that when voluntarism had done its best compulsion became a necessity and the time for argument about it has now past. There is every possible inducement for the nation to concentrate upon the object which Mr. Lloyd George described as the only one occupying his own mind at the present moment. In spite of all rumours to the intent that she was weakening, Germany at Verdun is showing as much vigour as at the beginning of the war. Therefore, it would be fatal for this country to allow itself to be lulled into a false optimism. It is still a very long way to Berlin, and the pledge that we must get there before settling the terms of peace, still holds good.

**EVERYBODY** can do something towards achieving victory by economy of living. On Saturday the Board of Trade issued a table showing the extent to which provisions had risen between July, 1914, and April, 1916. The average increase has been close upon 50 per cent., and the purchasing power of a sovereign is now only equal to that of 11s. 2d. before the outbreak of hostilities. The food problem is therefore going to increase in difficulty as time goes on. Of that Mr. Lloyd George was no doubt in part thinking when he described time as a doubtful ally. One thing that all can do is to be as sparing as possible in the use of provisions and helpful in their production. There is, unfortunately, plenty of ground either lying idle or growing very little. We know the many difficulties in bringing it into use. Everybody has as much to do as he can find time and energy for, and labour is difficult to procure. Nevertheless, the word impossible must in this connection be taken out of the dictionary. If no means of producing food are neglected and no time is lost in getting seeds and plants into the ground the scarcity of next winter may be very greatly ameliorated. But Ministers should warn the population gravely and seriously that they may be subjected to a severe test of endurance and that they should prepare for it while there is yet an opportunity to do so. If by an unexpected turn of fortune hostilities should end sooner than is probable just now, they will have erred on the right side and lost nothing.

**THE** chief reason for dearness of food is one for which the general public cannot be held responsible. We mean the deficiency of ships. So many have been commandeered for military purposes and so many have been destroyed that building is doing no more than keeping pace with losses. Only twenty-three British steamers over 1,000 tons figure in Lloyd's Register as having been built during the last twelve months. To them must be added twelve large ships built in the United States for American owners and taken over

by this country. Thus a perilous situation has arisen and in the German newspapers writers are already boasting that when the war ends they will be the only nationality who will possess a mercantile fleet. When the ships that have been safely interned come home they will be in a position to send their commodities to every market. Of course, this is accompanied by the declaration that they will be in a position to make freedom of trade a part of the peace treaty. Taunts of this kind will have the effect of rousing the Allied nations to still more strenuous exertion, but they should also see to it that shipbuilding is pushed forward, and it is most advisable that the various parts should be standardised, so as to facilitate quick building and quick repair.

**AN** anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, writing about compulsion, refers to a case which is typical of many others. It is that of a professional man, a bachelor of thirty-eight, with an earned income of about £1,600 a year, who is in the Army. He was declared unfit for field service, but was put into uniform and set to do clerk's work, in the interests of equality of sacrifice. Examples of a similar kind are within the knowledge of all men of business. In many cases a man with the knowledge of a specialist, who is essential to the management of a great business and is not unfitted for it although he may have a physical infirmity which unfits him for the work of a soldier, is taken and sent to do the most elementary clerical work. We know of one man of this kind who has expert knowledge which it takes two years to acquire. He is requisitioned and no more important work is found for him than that of addressing envelopes. A very little consideration will show that this is wasting the resources of the country to an extraordinary degree.

#### THE FIELD BY THE LIRK O' THE HILL.

Daytime an' nicht,  
Sun, wind an' rain;  
The lang, cauld licht  
O' the spring months again.  
The yaird's a' weed  
An' the fairm's a' still—  
Wha'll sow the seed  
I' the field by the lirk\* o' the hill?

Prood maun ye lie,  
Prood did ye gang;  
Auld, auld am I,  
But O! life's lang!  
Ghaists i' the air,  
Whaups cryin' shrill,  
An' you nae mair  
I' the field by the lirk o' the hill—  
Aye, bairn, nae mair, nae mair  
I' the field by the lirk o' the hill!

\* Fold.

VIOLET JACOB.

**SUPPOSE** that the owner of a very elaborate and expensive engine were to adapt it for the purpose of cutting turnips, the absurdity would be apparent immediately. But authorities and officials do not recognise that when a highly trained, experienced and specialised man is taken away from the post he is filling and compelled to do work fitted for a boy or even a girl of fourteen or fifteen there is very great waste and loss to the country. In the case to which reference has been made the man's income is not earned and therefore the tax on it is not paid. The work he was doing was worth £1,600 a year, which means a considerable amount of service. Instead of it he does what is valued at a shilling or at the utmost two shillings a day. In other words, the elaborate machine which it has taken a long time and a considerable amount of money to prepare is turned to the task of cutting turnips. Surely the case has only to be stated in this way to make its absurdity plain. Of course, our comments do not apply in the slightest degree to any man capable of fighting for his country. If he can go to the front and do his duty there there is nothing higher, and it is very generally recognised that the money payment of a soldier is no indication whatever of the value of his services. His real reward lies in the gratitude of his country and the consciousness of having played his part well. But this consideration does not apply to him who is transferred from a position which he was filling to the general advantage to another where his services are only what the merest novice could render.

ALTHOUGH Mr. A. D. Hall is one of the Development Commissioners, he, in the latest of his books, refrains from wasting enthusiasm over the scheme for settling soldiers on the land, and writes without cordiality of small holdings generally. In this practical agriculturist, generally speaking, in agreement with him. Everybody who is actually engaged in husbandry believes that this industry, like most others, can be most profitably worked on a very large scale. This affords the opportunity for big fields in which modern machinery can be most advantageously employed. It renders the occupier independent of co-operation and gives him all the advantages which belong to buying and selling on a large scale. If we look exclusively at profit and food production, large holdings are to be preferred. No one in an official capacity has said this before, and it would be interesting to know if the Minister of Agriculture shares or does not share the view set forth by one of the Development Commissioners. Mr. Hall makes out an excellent case for employment on the big holding, as it would give scope both to the expert and to the labourer. He is in favour of paying better wages to the latter without paying much regard to what has been termed the haggling of the market, so that if there are a large number of men anxious to get on the soil, they will not be forced to exist on insufficient wages.

WHAT a stirring and multi-coloured panorama has passed before the eyes of the Empress Eugénie, whose ninetieth birthday occurred on the 5th of May! It is sixty-three years since her marriage. Seventeen years of gay married life were to pass before the tragedy of Sedan and the Siege of Paris rang doom to the Imperial Crown of Napoleon III. From her seclusion the aged Empress has witnessed many stages in the history of her adopted country—the depression that followed the war of 1870, the passing away of nearly all the chief actors, the death of her brave son who might have been fighting now if he had not met death on a British Colonial battlefield, the upspringing of a new generation destined to illustrate once more the undying valour of France, the change of attitude in that nation which after long dejection once more began to front the ancient enemy, Prussia. At last the two have met again in deadly conflict, but on far more equal terms than on the day when William I had Bismarck and Moltke as coadjutors. So much history can have been crowded into few lifetimes. Yet it has a melancholy aspect, for while the Empress has lived on the friends of her early years have dropped like autumn leaves. At ninety it is impossible not to be lonely. But it may be a little consolation to know that England has not been wholly unmindful of its distinguished guest.

IT is news to interest sportsmen that Peter Latham has returned to Queen's Club to direct tennis and racquets there. A great deal of water has run under the bridge since the day of his early triumphs. He has passed his half century of years and suffers from the loss of his eldest son, who died of wounds received in the Battle of Loos. When the war is over and its events have passed into history the great player will be a great acquisition to Queen's. His career has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the two games in which he was pre-eminent during his prime. When he was just about twenty-one he had beaten the best of the Grays in the Manchester courts. At Rugby he beat Joe Gray, and Walter Gray at Charterhouse. He took over the tennis at Queen's Club when Charles Saunders went to New Prince's Club at Knightsbridge, and for ten years, from 1897 to 1907, he was invincible, losing only once to Punch Fairs, when he was in a condition of health that ought to have kept him from playing. In 1907 he re-established his supremacy, and being then forty-two years of age he determined to play no more championship games at real tennis. Racquets he had given up before. He left Queen's in 1901 for Sir C. D. Rose's court at Newmarket and afterwards at Hardwicke House and remained there until Sir C. D. Rose died.

AN Entente interest attaches to the announcement that Norbury Park, in the beautiful vale of Mickleham, Surrey, will shortly come to the hammer, for it was here that William Locke, a particular friend of Fanny Burney, entertained the distinguished French refugees who had settled at the neighbouring Juniper Hall—among them Talleyrand, Mme. de Stael and General d'Arblay. The General's courtship of Fanny was watched with fatherly interest by Mr. Locke, who gave the lady away at the altar of the village church and then with great difficulty placated the angry Dr. Burney who had objected to the match. Locke

was eminent as an amateur painter and art collector. He owned a torso of Venus now in the British Museum, and the "St. Ursula" of Claude in the National Gallery. We do not know whether the famous drawing-room painted jointly by Barrett, Cipriani, Gilpin and Pasturini is still intact; it was designed so that the beautiful view from the windows might seem a continuation of the landscape frescoes on the walls. The "ancient Druids' grove" in the park is, we believe, as fine as ever.

IT is well that the project to strengthen and widen the Charing Cross railway bridge is to be opposed when it comes before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, for it is a matter which needs long-sighted consideration. Generally speaking, the war is holding up intended London improvements, but here, if we are not careful, our grand preoccupation will blind us to the perpetuating of one of the greatest eyesores of the town. Even Mr. Cosmo Bonser has been fain to admit that the bridge is no beauty, but he claims that the alterations will improve it. This will not satisfy those who have dreamed of a noble road bridge at this crucial point of the river, and of the removal of the station to the Surrey side. The present bridge with its ugly cylindrical legs, iron lattice-work, and grimy side-walk for foot-passengers is just fifty years old. It took the place of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge, of which the two brick shore piers remain, the chains being now at Clifton. All the requirements of use and beauty clamour for the larger scheme as an assured hope of to-morrow.

#### CALL O' THE SEA.

Give me the sea and the sky's blue curve,  
A ship to steer and a Fleet to serve—  
A foe to fight and a risk to run,  
And a friend at my side when the fight is won.

Give me the wild wind's voice at night,  
And the Fleet in line without a light.  
Give me the life of a man among men,  
And a day on shore just now and then.

Give me the sea and the life it brings,  
Great adventures and wholesome things  
Of wide horizons and wind blown spray,  
And enough of work to fill the day.

M. G. MEUGENS.

IN a very conclusive way the House of Commons on Monday showed its desire to adopt the Daylight Saving Bill, the origin of which will always be remembered in connection with the name of the late Mr. Willett. Now that the principle is conceded, the business lying in front of the House is that of making thoroughly practical arrangements. First, it will be necessary to exempt the agricultural part of the community, because practically the work on a farm goes on from sunrise to sunset and it is essential that town supplies of milk and eatables should be forwarded in the very early hours of the morning. Therefore, it would not be possible to advance the clock which governs the hours of milkers, milk-trains and so forth. The bill will chiefly affect town workers who will reap many advantages from beginning work and leaving off an hour earlier. In shops and offices it should be a great boon. Where difficulties of organisation must arise is in the railway service, especially in regard to those trains which bring up troops of City men in the morning. If their time is advanced an hour inconvenience may be caused, at any rate at first, owing to the goods trains which carry milk and other produce.

UNTIL the time of writing no official announcement has been made as to who is going to succeed Mr. Augustine Birrell as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Robert Chalmers has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary, chiefly, as it would appear, on account of his financial abilities. No objection can be taken to this appointment, as the situation demands from the Permanent Under-Secretary exactly such qualities as are possessed by Sir Robert. But it must be repeated that it is essential for the Chief Secretary to have a thorough understanding of the agricultural issues in Ireland. Far more of the recent troubles than is generally realised originated in the friction brought about by the administration of the Land Acts, and for some time to come this must continue. The real way to pacify Ireland is to follow the example set by the Organisation Society and lead the people steadily towards a realisation of greater comfort and a higher standard of living.



## "GENTYL, JOLYF, SO THE JAY"

OUR early ancestors, who seem to have lived on much more friendly terms with wild things than we do, found a character for those they met most frequently in their walks abroad. Jays and piets seem at a very early stage to have earned a reputation for chatter—garrulity, in fact. The jay was also set up as a warning against over-dressing. When Harvey, in that light-hearted book, "Meditations among the Tombs," tells us how he "happened to spy a thoughtless jay, the poor bird was idly busy in dressing his pretty plumes." But, withal, the jay was then, as now, a very likeable bird.

His plumage is, in fact, strikingly beautiful, with its mixture of blue, black and white, and the noise he makes is not exactly what nowadays we would call chatter, but loud, strong, aggressive, harsh. It makes his presence known in every season of the year, except the present one, when other birds, like little poets, are all bursting into song, when the cuckoo is shouting and, by the by, this year he seems to have begun as he generally leaves off. Instead of saying "cuckoo" in the proper legendary manner, he says "cuck-cuck - cuck - cuckoo," the various "cucks" diminishing in volume till he comes to the second of his two-syllabled song. When the nightingale is uttering his amorous descant from the briar thicket and the other birds give forth a day-long melody, the jay is silent. He has undergone a complete change

of character. Instead of thrusting himself on your notice and uttering his harsh cry, he slips noiselessly about, sliding off from the green hawthorn at the opposite side to which the observer is, and generally going about as if he was ashamed to be either seen or heard. He is engaged at the moment in family duties, and either has an inherent love of privacy or has been taught by long experience that at such times least said is soonest mended. For he is, indeed, almost universally regarded as an enemy. The little birds do not like him because his choicest diet consists of their eggs. He is a persistent robber of nests, and for this he

incurs the odium of the gamekeeper as well as of his smaller brethren of the woodland. Thus he and the magpie have been driven out of many districts where once upon a time they seem to have been extremely numerous. Our forefathers suffered such birds much more patiently than we do. The jay was one of the birds that they loved to catch young and teach how to speak—an accomplishment which the children of this generation will not take the trouble to impart. But in old books one often comes across references to the pet jay, starling, or magpie that with infinite trouble had been taught to speak a word or two. Modern taste is much more in favour of letting them go free, and though neither the jay nor any of his relatives in this country is musical, there is a certain pleasure in listening to his voice. Just as the jackdaw's



J. H. Symonds.

GARRULUS GLANDARIUS AT HOME.

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ONE WAY OF CRACKING A NUT.

voice has come to mingle in our minds with the memory of old churches and ivied ruins, so the jay is associated with the woodland. He is above all else a tree-loving bird. He lingers in the neighbourhood of plantations and even in those parts of the open country where indulgence if not protection is extended to him, but avoids the open field, where you may often enough see the black and white feathers of the magpie. At any rate he never alights on it, though he is not infrequently visible flying over from one spinney to another. He is not, however, partial to that either, perhaps from a consciousness that he is not a



J. H. Symonds

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HE DOES NOT DESPISE DRY BREAD.

graceful aeronaut. His flight is as unsteady and spasmodic as that of a cuckoo. It has nothing of the businesslike straightforwardness of the jackdaw or the graceful movement of the magpie, which is a longer winged bird. The jay loves to play about an old oak at any and every season of the year. In spring he chooses for his nest the depths of a thicket and hides it far more carefully than the magpie, which builds as though inviting the whole world to admire the slovenly structure. But the jay is far more cunning and hiding, and its nest always takes some seeking. It seems to have a prolonged affection for its young, since after they are able to fly they follow the old birds, making quite a little flock in the early autumn. Indeed, sometimes two or more families seem to join together for the purpose of ranging about among the outlying plantations and spinneys of an estate. On a misty morning in October when acorns and mast and nuts are falling to the ground, these birds may be seen foraging in quite considerable flocks. When startled, they fly off in their jerky way, while their brilliant feathers shine in the dim autumnal sun and add to the beauty of woods on which decay is beginning to lay its fiery finger. During the hard weather of the past winter or early spring, as it is called in the calendar,



J. H. Symonds.

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IN THE DEPTH OF THE THICKET.

though anything less springlike is unimaginable, the jays used to come to a little grove of oaks and scratch away the snow for the acorns below, screaming and pecking at one another the whole time they were busy. They seem well able to find food even under the most inclement conditions.

In the spring jays have a time that is not altogether happy. Their thoughts—if they have any—like those of Tennyson's young man, lightly turn to thoughts of love, and this very often is their undoing, because in those enraptured moments they forget about their old enemy the keeper, who, on the look-out with his gun, lays many of them low, for at that season his mind is beset with solicitude for the eggs of the birds which are sacred to him, and, rightly or wrongly, he considers that the jay is the worst and most notorious culprit. Yet, in spite of this persecuting, the bird does not show the same decline in numbers as the magpie, for whereas the latter is becoming a rarity in many districts of the country and is really numerous in none, the jay in several districts continues to multiply. Perhaps the simplest explanation of the difference lies in the nesting habits to which allusion has already been made. In the days when there were no Wild Birds Protection Acts, nests of both

were systematically raided, especially in the neighbourhood of big towns, because the magpie, the jay, the jackdaw and the starling were favourite pets and very easily sold. There used to be a considerable trade in jays and magpies that went on within twenty miles of London, but this has been checked, if not stopped altogether, by legislation.

Mr. Charles Dixon included the jay in his book on "The Bird-life of London." He did not find the bird in the central districts, nor in the parks nor open spaces within the four mile radius. He found it recorded, however, as a breeding species from Dulwich and Norwood, Richmond and Wimbledon, to which in Middlesex may be added Osterley, Wembley, Harrow, Pinner, Ruislip Woods, Mill Hill, Stanmore, Kingsbury, Enfield and Elstree; in Essex, Epping Forest is its sanctuary. Mr. Dixon says: "In autumn the jay frequently wanders far from its usual haunts. I have seen it near Tooting Bec Common, to which it was doubtless attracted by an unusually large crop of acorns; whilst I have met with it occasionally at Neasden, stragglers probably from Wembley or Hendon. It also haunts the grounds at Muswell Hill; and is frequently seen near Rainham and Dagenham." He adds that it being one of our prettiest birds, it should be protected and encouraged in all parts of the London area, and suggests its introduction into the large parks which contain suitable cover. There is no reason whatever why London parks should not be made populous with all kinds of bird-life. In the country there are crops and other things to protect, but in town they do no harm and certainly add in a very great degree to the pleasure of the inhabitants.

### THE UNFORGOTTEN

He would have been the first to come,  
When England called her sons,  
As broke upon her dream of peace,  
The thunder of the guns:  
Bravely he would have met the foe—  
The lad they lost so long ago.

Ah! the old grief awakes again,  
Within the yearning heart!  
Once more, upon some gallant quest,  
They watch their boy depart:  
Proudly he would have marched to fight  
For King and country, God and right.

Glory of strong and fearless youth  
Had he, their own brave boy;  
Earth proffered many a dear delight,  
But, turning from her joy,  
Freely he would have given his life,  
If called to this heroic strife.

Though not for him this glorious fate,  
They know the courage high  
With which another way he went  
To suffer and to die:  
Of every dauntless deed to-day,  
"So would our boy have done," they say.

E. R. BROOME.



STARTLED.



J. H. Symonds.

FLYING OFF WITH TREASURE TROVE.

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## BATTLE TAPESTRIES.—II

By W. G. THOMSON.

IN its early period the Royal Manufactory of the Gobelins put forth no series of tapestries of an exclusively military subject. But the greatest achievement of the Gobelin looms, "The History of King Louis XIV," contained no fewer than eight hangings representing battles and sieges out of a total of fourteen subjects. The elaborate ceremonials of the stately court and the dramatic element in all national functions afforded Le Brun, the artist-director of the Gobelins, a splendid opportunity for displaying his grandeur of style in composition. Skilfully disposed groups, sumptuous costumes and rich accessories designed by the leading artists of the day were by his genius welded into a glorious whole, whose decorative element was so especially suitable for tapestry that the weaving still further enhanced the beauty of the designs. There is no doubt that the military subjects in the "History of the King" have been somewhat overshadowed by the popularity of some of the others, notably "The Marriage of Louis XIV" and "The Renewal of the Alliance between the French and Swiss," both occasions of pomp and ceremony which no art is better fitted to express than tapestry. The battle scenes, designed mostly by Van der Meulen, may lack that superb sense of balance so characteristic of the ceremonial compositions; on the other hand, they are more animated. "The Defeat of the Spanish Army near Bruges," "The Siege and Entry into Douai," "The Capitulation of Marsal," "The Captures of Dole and Lille," "The Siege of Tournay," and "The Entry of Louis into Dunkirk" form a series of unparalleled triumphs in tapestry weaving.

In the last the King and his staff follow the cavalry downhill—a downward receding slope is, perhaps, the most difficult problem in landscape perspective—towards the long, winding line of troops advancing on Dunkirk in the distance. Here is shown the glory and romance of successful war without as much as a hint of the horrors attendant on it. So it is, too, with the magnificent panel woven at the Gobelins and now in the Garde-Meuble, Paris, which represents two spirited groups of cavalry with Marshal Turenne and his officers in the foreground.

While the Gobelin manufactory was dependent on Royal commissions, the tapestries produced there being

destined for the decoration of the numerous royal residences or for gifts to kings and prominent personages, the Royal Manufactory of Beauvais was accorded the privilege of weaving tapestries for outside clients. This rendered it to some extent independent of royal patronage, and so, when the Gobelins was practically closed owing to the financial exhaustion of France about the end of the seventeenth century, the workshops at Beauvais were so prosperous that many of the weavers who had been dismissed from the Gobelins found employment there. When King Charles XI of Sweden wished to commemorate his victories in the Danish War in tapestry he commissioned Philip Behagle, director of the ateliers at Beauvais, to weave a fine set in gold, silver and silk from the paintings of Lemke. Cartoons from these pictures were painted at Beauvais by Jean-Baptiste Martin, while working drawings for the borders were made by Vernansal from designs by Bérain. The tapestries which illustrate the Siege of Malmoe, the Battle of Landskrona and two phases of the Battle of Lund are now in the Royal collection of Sweden at Stockholm. They are signed by the weavers, Behagle and Lacroix. A rich architectural border in the classic style, having the Royal Arms of Sweden with supporting figures of Fame at the top and richly ornamented columns bearing the monogram of Charles XI at the sides, shows at the bottom figures of captives bound to the plinth of the columns, a central inscription and trophies of arms. Through this rich setting appear in the foreground troops on the march, camp followers and wagons, then a battle raging over an extensive panorama, and in the distance hill and sky. Between the years 1684 and 1704 there was woven at Beauvais a very fine series of tapestries entitled "The Conquests of Louis XIV." Of these magnificent panels only two incomplete specimens remain, as far as our present knowledge goes, though it is to be hoped that others will come to light in course of time. One of these pieces shows the King on horseback raising his bâton towards a fortified town almost surrounded by water. From it proceeds a long column of besieged troops coming to yield up the keys of the town. The tapestries were considered at the time they were finished to be the best set that had been woven



"THE DEATH OF DECIUS."





THE ENTRY OF LOUIS XIV INTO DUNKIRK.

at Beauvais, and the remaining pieces bear this out. The cartoons were painted by Martin, and the tapestries are now the property of Signor Candido Cossini of Florence. Another Beauvais battlepiece representing the Battle of Cassel is now at Versailles. It bears the coat of arms of the Duke of Orleans, who was victor in the battle and for whom the tapestry was woven.

The victories of King William III of England over the Jacobites formed the subject of several sets of tapestries. Although there were several very efficient tapestry weaving establishments in England during his reign he preferred to give the Royal commission to the Brussels tapissiers. The cartoons were executed by Jean Lottin, the incidents being the Descent on Torbay, the Battle of Bresgate and the Battle of the Boyne. These were woven by De Clerc, De Vos, Vander Borch and Cobus of Brussels, who received 14,800 florins for this very rich set. There are interesting tapestries of Charlecote Park, the seat of Sir H. W. Ramsay Fairfax Lucy, Bart., one of which represents the Battle of the Boyne with a very spirited cavalry encounter in the foreground and middle distance. About 1730 another series, representing the military achievements of William III, was ordered by the Crown authorities from Robert Baillie, an upholder (or upholsterer) and tapissier of Dublin. The set was to consist of six panels, but it appears only two were woven, and Baillie was paid £200 as compensation for the cancellation of the others. They were intended for the decoration of the Irish House of Lords, and that building, which is now the Bank of Ireland, still contains two panels representing the Battle of the Boyne and the Defence of Londonderry. The borders are very broad and contain battle scenes, portraits of generals, trophies of arms, festoons of flowers and drapery.

About the end of the seventeenth century three tapestry workshops were engaged in executing the battle tapestries which constitute their chief claim to immortality. The manufactory at Kiøge in Denmark, founded by King Christian V, was conducted by the brothers Van Ecken, and their masterpiece was a set representing the battles on land and sea in the Scania war, from cartoons by Peter Andersen. The twelve tapestries comprising the set are exhibited in the Hall of the Knights in Rosenborg Castle, at one time a favourite residence of the Danish Kings. Brilliant in colour, these tapestries are of good

decorative value and artistic merit. The borders consist of military emblems with short metrical inscriptions, and the finest panel is that representing the Battle of Oland, which took place on June 1st, 1676.



MARSHAL TURENNE.

The battles and sieges of Charles V Duke of Lorraine were commemorated in twenty-six tapestries now in the Royal collection of Austria. They were woven from cartoons by Charles Herbel in the establishment founded by Duke Leopold near his palace, where he employed workmen recruited from the Gobelins. To the manufactory in Berlin are due

building, according to the inscription at the entrance to the office court, was not finished until 1722, the project of having special tapestries woven for its decoration was under consideration some years earlier. Sir Richard Blackmore published a poem in 1718 entitled "Instructions to Vanderbank," a tapisserie of great ability who had his workshops



THE BATTLE OF OUDENARDE.

the tapestries representing the victories of Frederick William, the Great Elector, in the Royal Palace. The episodes are the Descent on the Island of Rugen, the Battle of Warsaw, the Capture of Wolgast, the Winter Expedition into Prussia, the Battle of Fehrbellin and the Capture of Stralsund.

The most important set of battle tapestries in England is "The Victories of the Duke of Marlborough" in Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire, towards the cost of which a grant of £240,000 was made from the public funds. Although the

by the Royal Wardrobe in Great Queen Street, where he carried on business from 1688 to 1727.

Thou Artist, who dost Nature's face express,  
In silk and gold and scenes of Action dress;  
Dost figured Arras animated leave,  
Spin a bright Story or a Passion weave  
By mingling threads, canst mingle shade and light,  
Delineate Triumphs or describe a fight,  
Do thou relate the Hero's toil, record  
The new Achievement of his matchless sword.





THE BATTLE OF LILLE.

Belgian, attend, and from thy noble Loom,  
Let the great Chief, august in triumph come;  
For Blenheim's lofty Rooms the work design;  
In every piece let Art and Labour shine:  
Let glorious deeds, the Briton's Palace crown,  
Not those of ancient Heroes but his own.

The Duke on his white charger and attended by the officers of his staff appears in the foreground of the more important tapestries. These groups, skilfully composed, animated and full of rich colour, stand out from the grey

distance, where long serpentine columns of troops are marching towards beleaguered fortresses, or battles among towns, villages and windmills. The tapestries are shown in three State rooms, the first containing the Siege of Lille and the Victory of Malplaquet. The march to Bouchain and its siege, resulting in the capture of that most important strategic post from Marshal Villars, form the subject of the hangings in the second State room. The third is decorated with the march of Marlborough's army to support General Cadogan's



THE CAPTURE OF BOUCHAIN.



troops at Oudenarde and the battle there. The borders of the tapestries are composed of flags, armour, weapons and medallions.

The "Campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough" became a favourite subject in tapestry. The set at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, shows the triumphs of the Allies at the Siege of Lille, the Battle of Wynendael and foraging parties of the army. They bear the arms of Lord Cobham, who took part in the campaign. Another set, which included the Battle of Wynendael, foraging parties and camp scenes, having the Duke on his white charger in the foreground, was brought to England by Major-General Richard Lumley, first Earl of Scarborough. These have a border of acanthus foliage, shells and rosettes.

Since 1730 very few battle tapestries have been put on the loom. Barthélemy painted cartoons representing the Sieges of Paris and Calais, which were carried out at the Gobelins about 1760, and a "Life of Napoleon" was

woven there early in the following century. The London Guildhall contains the "Battle of Aylesford," which was produced at the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor in recent times.

There is no reason why contemporary battles should not become once more the subject of tapestries. Trench warfare is shown in the set of the "History of the King," where Louis XIV is depicted under fire in the trenches at Douai, and the "Battle of Lille" in Marlborough's campaign resembles to some degree the modern hand-to-hand encounters. It is true the khaki, blue and grey uniforms present an entirely new and most difficult problem to the designer and tapisseries as far as the colour scheme is concerned, but with a full knowledge of the old rules governing the designing and making of tapestries such a scheme of colour, in competent hands, could not fail to be successful. Further, it would be a new thing in tapestry, and another stage in its development as an art.

## IN THE GARDEN

### PLANTS OF THE HIGH ALPS AT HOME.—I

IT seems strange to imagine that Dante ever tried to cultivate Alpine plants, yet how otherwise did he gain the experience embodied in the following passage from "Il Convito"? He wrote: "Love is the spiritual union of soul and the thing loved, . . . and is found in both the physical and inanimate worlds, heavy bodies seek the centre of the earth . . . animals the place of their birth, and plants, the first things in the order of Nature with souls, certain places. Some are found by water, others on the heights of mountains, and if removed, either die or live in sadness like things severed from their friends."

Even with all the refinements of modern rock gardening the fact is too true, though nowadays we may be more inclined to attribute their languishing to uncongenial climatic conditions than to the bereavement of their souls. There are many exquisite little plants of the high Alps that must be visited in their homes to be seen in full health, vigour and beauty, and others that, although fairly accommodating under cultivation, yet lack much of their native grace when seen in small patches in the bare brown soil of a rock garden, instead of jewelling miles of short turf and forming contrasts and harmonies with colour variations of their own species or many quite distinct plants. It levels the pride of the most successful cultivator of Alpines to stand on the southern slope of the Cima Tombia and look upon the hillside rosy red with the wide open eyes of *Primula spectabilis*, or among the vast stretches of *Viola calcarata* of every shade of lilac and purple, cream and yellow, at Le Lautaret or by the Lac du Mont Cenis. Standing among those floral feasts and comparing them with his own carefully tended but still ever ready to vanish specimens, he may well thank his stars he lives in an age when steam and petrol in times of peace have made it so easy to spend a holiday in the high Alps.

Until those evil days of war fell upon us an ever increasing number of flower lovers found their way each season to the flower fields, and a finer tonic for tired nerves and flagging

muscles can scarcely be found, especially if undertaken sufficiently early in the season, in mid-June for choice, before it is necessary to struggle with crowds of tourists of all nations out for their summer holiday. Before the middle of the last century men had discovered the joys of Alpine climbing and a large literature of the subject had sprung up. Others

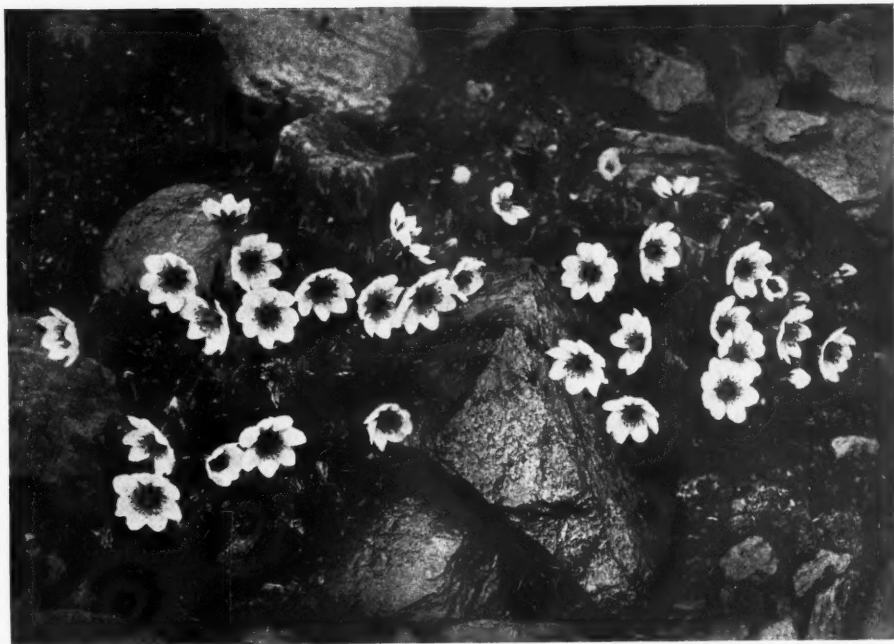
began studying the Alpine flora, and the year 1843 saw the publication of the first part of Weber's "Alpen-pflanzen Deutschlands und der Schweiz," the first book entirely devoted to Alpine flowers that gave coloured illustrations. In 1864 Kuner published "Die Cultur der Alpenpflanzen," and demonstrated the possibility of cultivating many mountain plants hitherto believed intractable. William Robinson, Sutherland and Wooster soon after proclaimed the joyful news in their books, and the love for Alpines has grown apace. Many books with fine coloured illustrations of the principal Alpines are now procurable, but the camera is being used with such success to depict the plants as they grow that such a series as that herewith reproduced is of more value in inspiring us to realise the habits of the plants than the best coloured plate of a spray or two of blossoms. If we compare the group of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* with Seboth's plate we must own that the photograph, even uncoloured, is to be preferred. It



Reginald A. Malby. CHRYSANTHEMUM ALPINUM (7,500ft.). Copyright.

possesses the advantages of showing the light and shade of the hillside, and thereby the natural position of each blossom, and also the way that the plant likes to grow among and around loose stones. What a lesson can be learnt from the portrait of *Dryas octopetala*! The free way in which it flowers on the open mountain side tells us full exposure to sunshine should be given it in gardens. The rocky surface points to cool root run and yet good drainage and suntraps to ripen the growths. The open flowers are not quite in their ordinary position of flat stars, and must have been weighted over by a fine rain or the night dew. The characteristic dead whiteness of *Chrysanthemum*

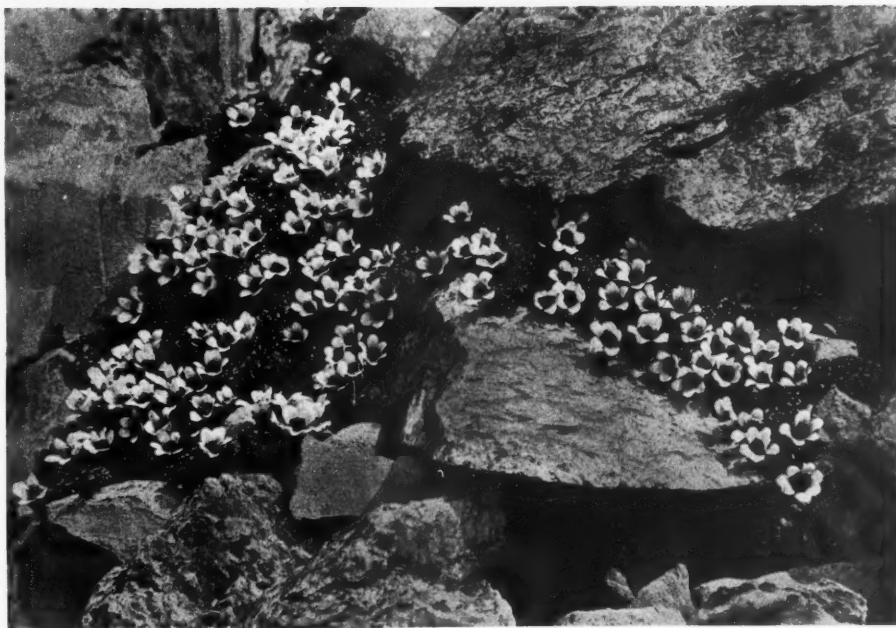
alpinum is well shown in this print, as also the loosely arranged, spreading habit of the plant, that makes it so much more graceful than any Daisy springing from a central rosette. We also see that its home is the steepest kind of rough bank, half stone, half grass. Again, in this group of *Viola calcarata* springing from the turf one can see at a glance it represents a plant of two or more years' standing. For a plant flowering for the first time is a compact tuft, and afterwards, like *Gentiana verna*, works away from the central long tap root by means of slender underground runners, and so year after year an ever increasing circle of growth and blossom is formed. It is not uncommon to see a stretch of turf a yard or two across thinly spangled with flowers of the *Viola*, and all of the same shade of colour, so proclaiming their identity of origin. It is not an easy matter to collect portions of such a plant for cultivation, and unless the venerable patch or circle is of some very unusual and beautiful form, it is wiser to hunt about for a compact young tuft, growing in shaly soil or by the edge of the path, so that tap root and all may be removed without breakage.



*DRYAS OCTOPETALA* (7,000ft.).



*VIOLA CALCARATA* (7,000ft.).



*SAXIFRAGA OPPOSITIFOLIA* (9,000ft.)

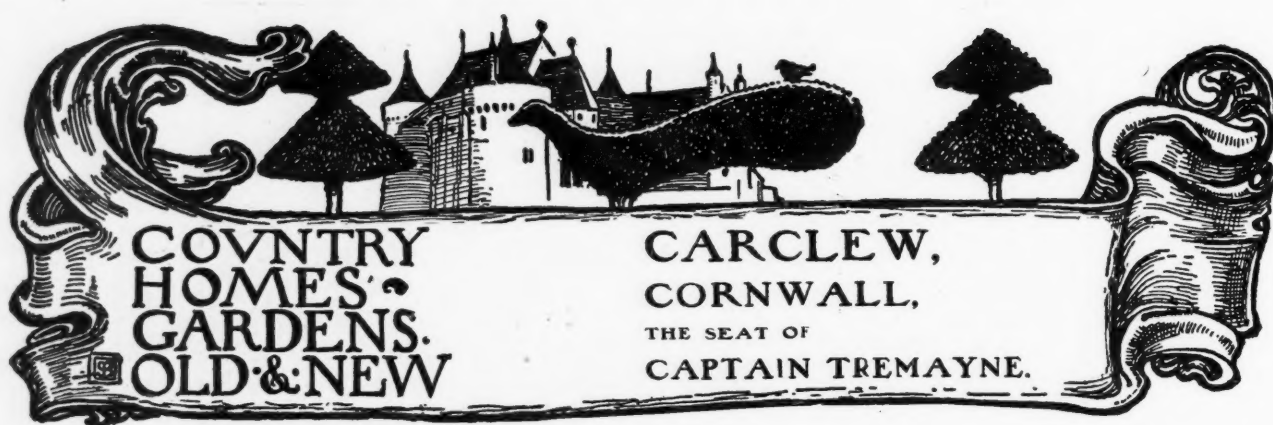
Reginald A. Malby.

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Notice, too, in this delightful group how the *Viola* has run against a stone at the back and therefore, at its sheltering foot, both from its protection and the arrest of further wandering, the flowers are finer and more closely packed. It is always a joyous moment when, as one ascends through the Fir woods, and open, turfy glades appear among the less crowded stems, this little *Viola* greets one with its cheery Pansy faces so various in their expressions. The form shown here bears an unusually rounded flower; more often the four upper petals are all raised a little from the lowest and the expression is then still more wide awake and cheerful; in others the uppermost petals are lowered to either side behind the two next and then a sleepy or sulky effect is produced. This and the extraordinary range of its colouring make a most charming plant to wander among, either simply to enjoy its beauty as it grows or to select especially fine forms to pick for a sweet-scented nosegay, its honey-like fragrance being very pleasant. It is one of the few plants the peasants pick a bunch of to carry or wear, and I believe chiefly on account of its fragrance.

E. A. BOWLES.





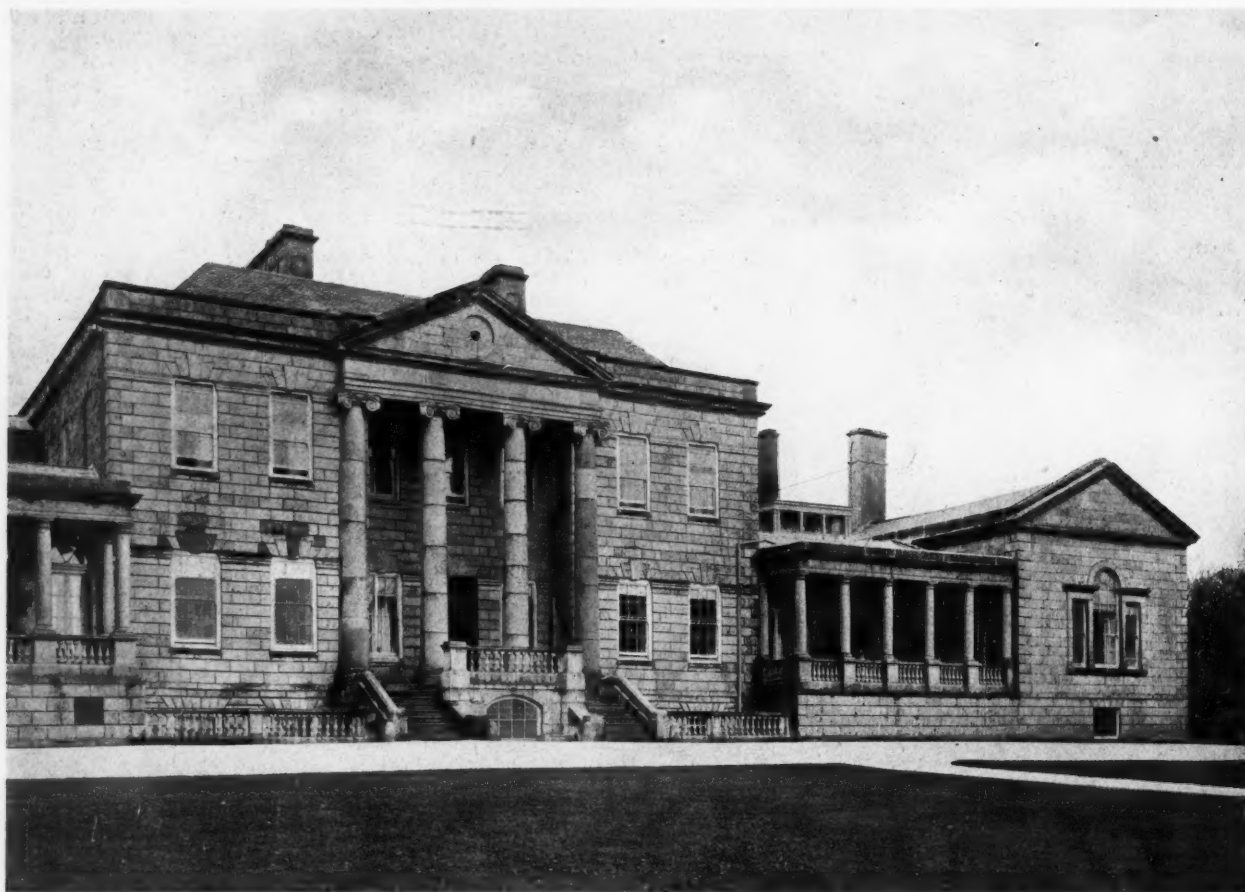
LIKE some cold jewel set in a rich blaze of enamel the grey granite house of Carclew is surrounded by banks of colour given by rhododendrons, the like of which no county can yield save Cornwall, and no other place in Cornwall more lavishly. The barton of Carclew—it is no manor—is in the parish of Mylor and the hundred of East Kerrier, and runs down to the Devoran creek out of Falmouth harbour. Its old name of Cargelew-Dangerus tells that it belonged to a family called Daungers as long ago as Henry II's reign, but that name died with two co-heiresses who carried their lands to the Renaudins and Bonythons at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Renaudins soon died out, and Carclew reverted to the Bonythons alone, who held it until 1697 when Richard Bonython, last heir male of the elder branch, died. He had married Honor, daughter of Sir Thomas Heale of Fleet, and left an only daughter, Jane, who married Samuel Kempe. She must have found him of doubtful merit as a husband. Tonkin, the eighteenth century editor of Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," thus refers to him: "which said Samuel Kempe died without issue October the 20th, 1728, leaving the said barton of Carclew, and some part of the ancient lands, for he had sold off the rest in his lifetime, to his widow, who now resideth there; a lady who, for her many virtues, bounty and other accomplishments

deserveth a much better fortune, in every respect, than she has had the luck to meet with."

It is a common story, but the bland way in which Kempe bequeathed to his wife the fragments of her fortune, which he had shattered, is a measure of how far we travelled when the Married Women's Property Act was passed. No doubt part of "the ancient lands" was sold to find funds for building at Carclew "a noble house which he did not live to finish, and had laid such a plan for avenues, gardens, etc., as, when brought to perfection would have made it one of the pleasantest seats in the county."

Though Kempe failed in this, the work was done finely, if in less formal fashion, by a later owner, but we may attribute the farm block to Kempe as it has a far earlier look than the house itself. Kempe's widow either lacked the wish or the money to finish his grandiose schemes, and the house stood unfinished and untenanted during her life, which ended in 1739. She bequeathed Carclew to her kinsman, James Bonython of Grampound, who also did nothing to it and sold it in 1749 to "the great Mr. Lemon."

William Lemon was the founder of his family's fortunes. He was son of William Lemon of Germoe and discovered the Wheal Fortune tin mine near Marazion. A man of fifty-seven when he settled at Carclew as a country



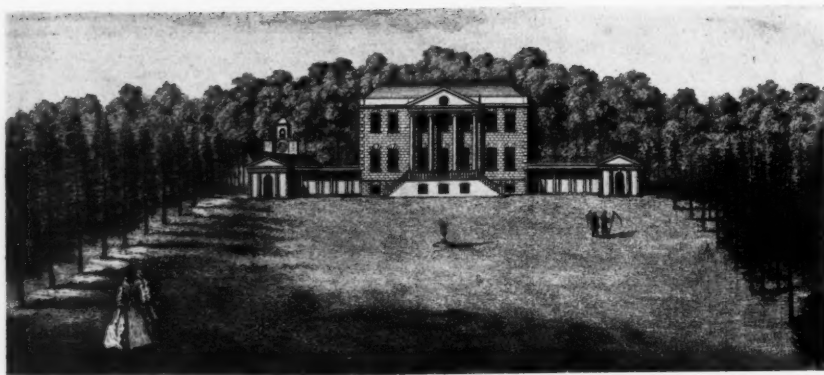




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LOGGIAS AND PORTICO.

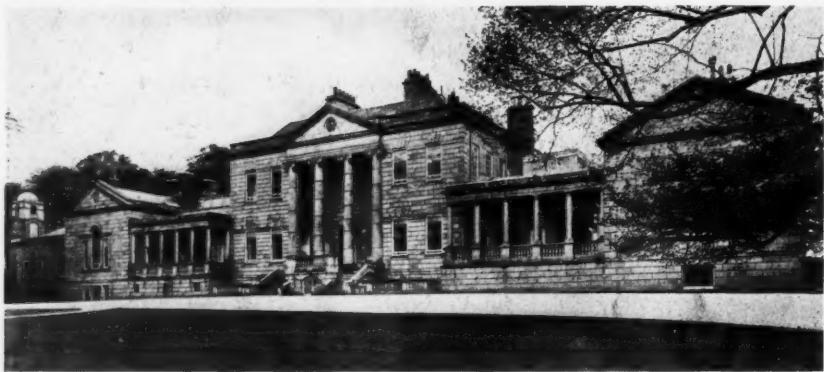
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CARCLEW IN 1758.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT TO-DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE UPPER POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gentleman, he employed one William Edwards "to alter, enlarge and fit up with colonnades and offices" the carcase of the house which Kempe had begun. Lake's "Parochial History" says of Edwards that he was a self-educated architect, the son of a small farmer, and Tonkin tells us that he was at that time of day much employed in the West of England.

When Borlase published his "Natural History of Cornwall" in 1758 he included an engraving of the house, now reproduced. Below it is given a photograph of the entrance front as it now is. William Edwards seems to have added to Kempe's square block the fine granite portico and, on the ground level, a pair of colonnades, which were merely ornamental loggias ending in little garden temples.

After making all allowance for the casual adherence to facts by eighteenth century engravers, it is plain that the present building includes wings much enlarged and remodelled since "the great Mr. Lemon's" day. We may agree with the phrase in Gilbert's Survey that Lemon left "several memorials of his fine taste, among which are the noble mansion and fanciful grounds at Carclew," but still be curious as to the man who was actually responsible for all this nobility. The sober dignity of the Ionic granite portico shows its architect to have been a man of ability, but, so far, I have failed to associate any other Cornish building with the name of William Edwards. It may be that he is the same Edwards who made an enduring name as architect and bridge-builder in South Wales. He also was William and the son of a farmer. Born in 1719 in Glamorgan-shire, he was only fifteen when he was busy with repairing dry stone fences on the neighbouring farms. After building a mill and some houses he aspired in 1746 to build a new bridge over the Taff at Llantrisant, the famous Pont y Pridd. Less than three years later his first effort was carried away by a flood, but he rebuilt it as one great arch of 140ft. span. Before it was finished this failed also in 1751, but by 1755 he succeeded in building a perfect bridge, which stands unto this day. His pluck and final skill brought him a well deserved reputation and led to his building bridges over the Usk and the Tawy, and the Bettws Llandovery, Aberavon and Glasbury bridges. He also built a meeting-house at Morriston, but it does not appear that he did any country house work in Wales. It is not impossible that William Lemon's mining activities took him to South Wales and that, struck by the courage and resource of William Edwards, he invited him to Cornwall. It is at least as likely as that there were two William Edwards, both sons of farmers and both practising architecture in the West at the same time. The Glamorgan Edwards died in 1789 and was buried at his native place, Eglwysilian; his son and grandson carried on the family tradition of bridge building well into the nineteenth century.



William Lemon did not enjoy his new mansion very long. He died in 1760 and was succeeded by his grandson, another William, born in 1748 and raised to the baronetcy in 1774. To him we may attribute the enlargement of the house. The low colonnades were raised and set upon a basement storey, serving as loggias to connect the central block with new wings. At the same time Sir William, as Britton records, made very considerable improvements by various plantations. When he died in

rich plasterwork, typical of the middle of the eighteenth century. The billiard-room fireplace is a dignified piece of joinery and rather earlier in character. It might well be a survival from Kempe's unfinished house. But when all is said, the glory of Carclew is in its splendid trees and flowers. The carriage approach is bordered with wonderfully grown Scotch firs, and among other notable trees are the Luccombe oaks, very tall and straight—half cork tree and half Turkey oak. The great *Pinus patula*



Copyright.

AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

1824 he was succeeded by his tenth child, Sir Charles Lemon, who died without issue in 1868. His sister, Caroline, had married John Hearle Tremayne, and their son Colonel Tremayne succeeded to Carclew, which is now owned by his son, Captain Tremayne.

Our photographs show the pleasant character of the interior of the house well enough to make much description unnecessary. The hall and staircase are decorated with

is another striking feature with its long pendent bunches of cones.

There are two fine pools, one called the Wheel Pond, another on more formal lines and nearer the house framed in gorgeous rhododendrons. The atmosphere of the garden is sub-tropical. The rhododendrons grow to so great a girth that a man cannot span their stems, and from December until late June they present solid masses of



bloom. The azaleas, camellias and tree-ferns make a scarcely less luxuriant show, and the embthorium, or Mexican flame tree, blossoms into a sheet of flame.

Captain Tremayne has done much to increase the already great beauty and interest of the gardens. He is happy in his treatment of the tantalising Japanese irises—those beautiful flowers which refuse even to live for some gardeners, yet will be perfectly happy with understanding supervision. The drifts and groups on the sides of the Wheel Pool are magnificent. Also on these banks there luxuriate many graceful bamboos and the giant-leaved *Gunnera manicata*, which grows in Cornwall as nowhere else. There is, or rather was in pre-war days, quite a *Gunnera* competition in the Duchy, where friends vied in growing the largest leaves of this plant for which, as tradition says, Robinson Crusoe found so many uses. In these friendly conflicts the monster leaves at Carclew have often won. Besides the rhododendrons from Sikkim and the innumerable camellias, which become huge mounds of glistening leaves, studded in the spring with

gorgeous blossoms, Carclew has more than its share of the Southern shrubs for which Cornwall is famed.

Altogether Carclew is an arboriculturist's fairy-land and perhaps the most richly dowered pleasure that the county can show. Cornwall has not been very fortunate in the history of its classical country houses, and Carclew is therefore a valuable architectural feature in the county. It would have had a powerful rival in Tehidy, for many generations the seat of the Bassetts, were it not that the eighteenth century house there was almost wholly reconstructed in 1863. The general form of the building remains unharmed and the interior is a good example of the classical taste as the Victorians understood it, but that is poor compensation for the original work which has disappeared. The tin mines made Tehidy and Carclew what they are, but Tehidy's greater richness led to a later re-modelling of the house, which Carclew escaped. The authentic note of the eighteenth century at Carclew is therefore interesting, not only in its own right but as a happy survival.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



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IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

"C.L."



Copyright.

CARCLEW: THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

# OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## X.—LORETTO

By H. B. TRISTRAM.



LORETTO.

**L**ORETTO has no claim to antiquity except her name, but her name has puzzled many. In 1534 one Thomas Doughtie returned to his native Musselburgh after many years spent in fighting the Turks. He brought with him an image of Our Lady which he had bought at Loreto, and on the outskirts of the town he built a chapel to the honour of Our Lady of Loreto. The chapel was swept away ten years later by the Protestant fury of the Earl of Hertford, and a second suffered the same fate at the hands of the folk of Musselburgh itself. But the ruins and the name still survived, and to the house built hard by Dr. Langhorne brought his preparatory school in 1827. The school was in Langhorne hands till 1862, when Almond took over a failing venture, and the real history of Loretto School began.

For forty years, until his death in 1903, Almond (but he was never known as Almond, always as "The Head") was Loretto. *L'état c'est moi* was never truer than in his case. For his first ten years people laughed at him. Small minds continued to laugh at him till the end. He was unconventional and quaint, and his appearance might often raise a smile as he bustled about in flannel shirt and trousers, with his coat over his arm. He was too original in ideas for most people. What sane man would ever dare to say that neither coat nor cap was really necessary? "Of course he was mad; but," as a parent added, "he saved my boy"; an epitaph which contained a higher compliment than the more famous "a beast, but a just beast." And who in those days had ever heard of a man wishing his school to be "a community visibly living according to the dictates of right reason," or

thinking that a boy called for as much care in his physical training as a horse? But these were Almond's ideas, and using our great games as means to carry them out he acquired a shrewd judgment in cricket and football. How he loved to tell the story of his umpiring in the first International Football Match, and deciding a disputed point against Scotland because the Scottish team made most noise! And how he used to chuckle over his efforts in the sixties to introduce something like the modern system of passing; but his boys would have none of it, because "it would look like funking"!

Scottish cricketers of those days remember Almond standing at short leg taking counsel with his handkerchief, and in times of difficulty going on to bowl his cunning lobs or his erratic round arm. But those who knew most about the game knew best his value to his side. He captained the Loretto Eleven for twenty years, and few captains in Scotland could rival him in all that time. Once in 1871, when his side had made enough runs, he closed his innings by the simple method of having no more men on the ground to go in, but they were all there a quarter of an hour later when his side took the field. This was regarded by others as irregular, if not exactly unfair, and there was so much talk about it that he never cared to try the plan again.

But Loretto was proving successful; so people gave up laughing at Almond and began to study him; and after another ten years the name of Loretto was heard across the border. It was certainly a feather in his cap when out of six of his boys in residence at Oxford two were in the 'Varsity Eleven, one in the Eight, and five in the 'Varsity Fifteen, while the sixth got his place there two years later. As two of the six got first classes in



"THE HEAD."



the schools people were now satisfied and allowed him to do as he liked without much further comment, while many flattered him so sincerely as to try to imitate him. He had won his battle.

Life at Loretto in those early days had much interest and variety, enhanced by several picturesque characters. The two Doctors Sanderson—old and young—whose clear diagnosis of the cause of most schoolboy ailments was summed up in the prescription "Twa pills," were succeeded by Dr. Thomson, the representative of the new era, just as efficient, if less picturesque. Weaver, the first steward, a handyman of ancient days who could play the flute or bake bread with equal skill, in course of time gave place to the taciturn but sound-hearted Scott, who found it hard to realise that if boys were an evil they were a necessary evil. There was Tomlinson, who for close on forty years was an integral part of the school, looking after the cricket, and doing wonders in making imitation silk purses out of very unpromising material. Among masters there was the fiery tempered, soft hearted Graham—"Captain" he was always called—and his dog Brutus; Cook Gray, so terrifying to small boys, who made such a brilliant and meteoric success of Blair Lodge; H. W. Mackenzie, who left Loretto to become four times Headmaster of English Public Schools; others too recent to be yet adorned with the halo of romance.

But the real interest of the place was always in The Head. In private life he loved whist and billiards, and

hungry souls. Boys who were at Loretto during his last twenty years must always carry with them some echoes of his sermons, so fresh and original, full of both pathos and humour, appealing to every side of boy life, with a delivery that gave full expression to all he felt. They live in memory, acknowledged by all who heard them to be the best school sermons they ever listened to.

The scene changes. We pass outside the gates and find ourselves on the links, consecrated to golf ever since golf was played in Scotland; the best nine holes in the world. As we make our way to Forman's we catch a glimpse of Fa'side Castle perched on the southern heights, and we think of the times we have done a "Fa'side and Three Trees" run, across the ground where Pinkie's bloody fray was fought, past the Castle itself—never inhabited since that day when the luckless Scottish garrison was burnt inside, without a chance of escape—and so along the ridge, down which two hundred years later, on the day of Prestonpans, the Highlanders made their wild charge, and sent Johnnie Cope galloping south, with scarce a halt till he reached Berwick. We think of "Wallyfords" in a north-easterly gale, when the sea dashed over the road beneath Drummore wall. And our thoughts roam further afield to those glorious expeditions along the coast for golf at Gullane or other delights, and the view from Gullane Hill, unequalled on any links in the kingdom. We make our way back by Pinkie Mains, and look on the field which was the scene of many a fierce tussle with gallant



MEMORIAL PANELS IN CHAPEL TO THE LAST THREE HEAD BOYS.

Designed by Sir Robert Lorimer.

loved to talk at the same time. The game might sometimes suffer; but few minded that. It was delightful to hear him hold forth on any subject under the sun, from the intricacies of the l.b.w. law or the prospect of salmon on the Shin, to Gladstone's latest iniquity—and to him all Gladstone's doings were iniquitous, except cutting down trees for exercise and taking thirty-two bites to each mouthful. Boys of earlier generations will think of the unexpected "double," when at the summons of the bell the whole school would hasten into Hall, each individual wondering over whose head the vials of a righteous wrath were to be poured out. Boys of a later age will think of those talks at or after morning prayers on all manner of topics—religion, morals, politics, science.

The Head often used those talks as a preface to his sermon of the next Sunday. Neither service nor sermon were of the common order, whether in the original "tin" Chapel, stowed away in the most inaccessible corner of the grounds, or the present building, set in a position to suit its dignity, with the daily life of the place circling round it. About 80 per cent. of the school were in the choir; and a full choral service from a choir of a hundred boys, who sing as if they enjoyed it, is something to hear. A service which included the 107th Psalm sung to our special chants, a Handel chorus and a sermon from The Head would satisfy most

rivals at cricket and football. We dream of the lion's den, relic of a travelling managerie, and various quaint and hideous sheds. But we find the field now given over to the smaller fry, while their elders have migrated to Newfield across the river, where in the last dozen years new heroes have been making new history.

In the evening, as we gather round the Library fire amid a throng of boys, we talk of old days: of tobogganing on the slopes of Carbery, hard by Queen Mary's stone, where she surrendered to her scandalised lords; of the Break early in June, when the eleven played Rossall, and the rest of the school were scattered abroad to spend two days as best they liked, so long as it was under the open Heaven; of Grinds, that is tramps across the Muirfoot Hills, Peebles to Selkirk, or Pomathorn to Innerleithen. Twice a year they came off, in October and March, over wild hills and down fairy glens, where in autumn the turning leaves made the woods a glorious blaze of varied colour, while in spring March's annual snow-storm might have left deep drifts to block our road. But on such days simply to be alive was a joy.

Looking back through a vista of years we can perhaps understand better now all that The Head hoped or tried to make of us; and we wonder how far we have obeyed the precept of the great motto he took for his school, *Spartanactes: hanc exorna*. To-day he has no cause to be ashamed

of his spiritual sons. Like others they have offered themselves freely. Crozier of the Munsters was the first to fall, killed at Mons; and by Christmas few of our "old Contemptibles" were left. Before another six months were over the last three head boys of the school were among those who had given their lives, and another, senior by two years, was a prisoner. In an attempt to escape he jumped from the ramparts of Lille, a drop of 50ft., and was unhurt, but stayed by his companion whose leg was broken by the fall, and so was retaken. Of The Head's own sons, the youngest, a captain in the Engineers (he passed first out of Woolwich) was wounded and missing in October, 1914, and no certain news of him has since been heard; the second, from Rhodesia, was killed this April near Bray; and the eldest is now in France serving in the R.A.M.C. So we who must stay behind can echo with a fuller and deeper understanding his great sermon on the Consecration of the body. After emphasising how it was in the spirit of the soldier that St.

Paul offered his body as a living sacrifice, he went on to say, "He no more shirked pain, or mutilation, or death in fighting the battles of his King than any of you would do if you found yourself with a rifle in your hands face to face with an invader. Which of you would then reckon the speed of the runner, or the strength of the gymnast, or the honours won between the wickets and the goals . . . as the supreme end of an athletic training? You know well enough that the more strength, the more activity, the more endurance you have gained the less you would wish to stay at home if once you got the chance of fighting. . . . And will you say of those who have presented their bodies as living sacrifices in the sacred cause of driving back the foe that a single hour of the strong, joyous discipline that gave firmness to the nerves and vigour to the limbs which now lie stiff and cold in death has been spent in vain?"

In this, at least, his boys have lived up to his teaching.

## BRUSSELS CHICORY OR WITLOOF

**C**HICORY, which belongs to the Composite family, is generally cultivated for its roots. The common variety is grown in the garden for kitchen use, while another variety is produced on a large scale for manufacturing purposes, being transformed by burning into the familiar substance which often forms the principle ingredient of coffee. The Brussels chicory, or witloof, however, which must not be confused with endive, is not grown for its root but for the "chicon," or top, which is produced. This "chicon" is without question the finest of all winter salads, as well as being an excellent vegetable for cooking purposes. It is distinguished in the first capacity by its delicate crispness, and in both by its delicious flavour. The finest is produced in the neighbourhood of Brussels, but it may be grown satisfactorily in any soil from light sand to a loamy clay; indeed, splendid results are obtained in sandy soil. The success of the crop depends entirely on the way it is managed. There are two stages in growing witloof: (1) Growing the roots, (2) Growing the tops.



### 1. GROWING THE ROOTS.

The chief point to be observed is that the soil should contain sufficient humus to ensure retention of moisture and permeability. It should be dug and manured to a depth of from 14in. to 18in., and the subsoil must be permeable. For the actual crop the first essential is the right variety of seed. Other varieties have a similar seed, but the ordinary kind will not give satisfactory results. To get the right kind it is necessary to deal with a reliable seedsman.

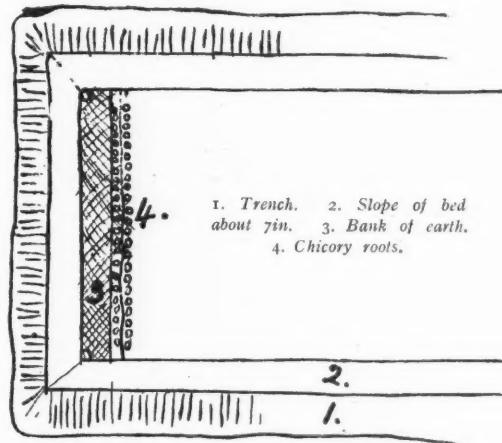
Chicory is sown in the open after about May 15th. At this time the formation of flower heads which spoil the plant for culinary purposes is avoided. When it has attained about the thickness of the little finger, it is planted out in rows about 10in. apart, allowing 6in. between each plant. If too much leaf is formed, the tops may be cut off, so as to prevent an excess of evaporation. As the ultimate top growth is the edible part of this crop extra long roots are not to be encouraged. Indeed, they may be shortened if too large, though experience has shown that they should not be too much reduced because one must bear in mind that the "chicon" which is produced in winter grows at the expense of the root. Ground intended for chicory must be abundantly manured with farmyard manure and cake must afterwards be added. Superphosphates, basic slag and muriate of potash are also used with advantage at the respective rates of about 3cwt., 3cwt. and 2cwt. per acre, and, if necessary, nitrate of soda also at the rate of about 3cwt. to the acre.

Chicory should develop broad leaves on a large crown above a thick root. The thickest roots are the best, providing that the head is sound and the thick part of the root about 8in. long. If the plants show signs of developing flower stems towards the end of the season they can be discouraged by treading down the leaves. The roots must be taken up about the end of October—earlier or later according to the season, and to the time when the chicory is wanted for the table. The success of the crop greatly depends on the care bestowed upon the subsequent operations.

### 2. GROWING THE CHICON.

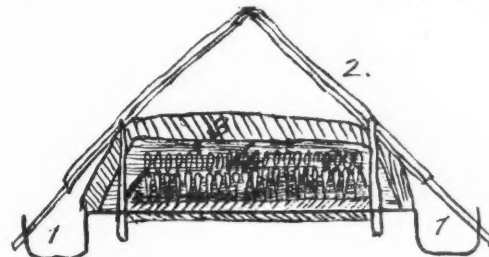
Select a dry part of the garden and mark out a space about a yard wide and as long as the crop requires. Turn the soil to about half a spade's depth and rake the surface so as to get it perfectly smooth. Trim the chicory roots all to equal length. Then start digging a trench at about 7in. away outside the prepared bed, and with the extracted soil make a heaped row at one end of it. Against this bank lay the first row of roots, almost upright, so that the crowns come about to the level of the top of the bank. The row will be about 30in. long, the roots

nearly touching each other and the crowns all at the same level. Then fill in the spaces between the roots so that each plant is slightly but separately enclosed. Then put in a new row, allowing about an inch of solid soil between each row, and so on till the



plants are exhausted. When all the roots are laid in the top must be covered with more earth. This must be done very gradually, and the soil must be powdered by rubbing it between the hands with the fingers extended (just as a cook rubs the fat into flour for pastry) so that it is very light. Where screens or twining drums are at hand, the soil may be powdered by their use. Mark the corners of the plot with four stakes so as to make a guide at gathering time. When finished the plants should be covered with about 7in. of very fine soil. After a few days a little more may be added if necessary.

When the work is done the trench should go all round the bed and will act as drain for the moisture. As dryness is essential, the bed should further be covered with a pointed roof of



1. Trench. 2. Roof. 3. Leaves. 4. Chicory pushing through fine earth.

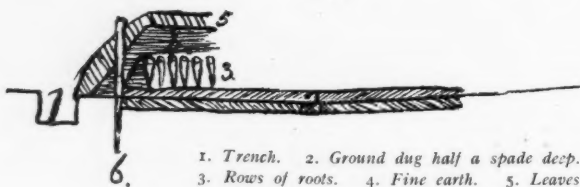
wood or thatch so as to turn off rain into the trench. The bed must never get wet.

After a time the roots will develop a "chicon" which easily pushes its way through the light earth, and when it has attained a length of 8in. or 9in. can be gathered by breaking it off. For this purpose the earth must be taken away but it should be put back when the gathering is finished for the remaining plants. The "chicon" really is a thick well formed spindle-shaped bundle of close white leaves with a yellowish top. A supply for from two to four days consumption can be gathered at one time. If the roots are good they may develop



after the first gathering, more heads, which, although small and no more suitable for cooking, will be very much appreciated as salad later on.

In winter time the top and sides of the bed may be covered with leaves, pine needles or any other material, so as to protect the soil from frost, which would stop the growth of the "chicons"



1. Trench. 2. Ground dug half a spade deep. 3. Rows of roots. 4. Fine earth. 5. Leaves for protection against frost. 6. Stake.

and perhaps spoil the whole crop. This practice will permit of the gathering of the "chicons" whatever the weather may be.

As we have said, the "chicons" are produced at the expense of the material stored in the roots, therefore the plants do not need manure at this stage of their development. This shows at once the importance of good root growing; but very often, in order to get an early crop, the roots are placed on a bed of fresh horse manure, which is separated from actual contact with them by a zin. layer of earth. By this means the plants are forced and can be gathered much earlier. Sometimes no roof is used above the bed, its place being taken by a layer of manure. This does equally well as long as it prevents water from reaching the heart of the "chicon." No stones or ashes may be used in the covering earth through which the tops have to shoot, as they would cause the "chicons" to be deformed and would force the leaves open. Witloof may be gathered from mid-November till the end of the winter by appropriate management.

HENRY VENDELMANS.

## MINDING VARMINTS

AN IMPRESSION OF FARMWORK.

By one of eighteen women students.

"KEEP them varmint on the patch of cabbages, Miss, and see as they don't get into the wheat, nor yet into the lucerne." William, the only farm man left, tied the iron hurdles on wheels into four strings, and moved them from either side of the fold with the help of Duke the cart horse, and the "minding" began.

At ordinary times sheep are sheep; but when 200 of them have to be kept on an unfenced cabbage patch of half an acre, they are varmint. Varmints are not silly, neither are they all alike, neither are they gentle, neither are they slow to clear off stunted cabbages. Perhaps in the nostrils of varmint young wheat and tender lucerne have a sweet savour, above the savour of cabbage stumps. In an instant of time, less than the falling of a raindrop, an old lady with bare legs and a patchy fleece baa-ed infectiously and nibbled grass on the boundary path.

"Poor thing, it doesn't matter if she stays that side," I thought in tender innocence, and looked at the grey outline of the church tower behind the budding trees.

"Hi, Miss! Hi! hi!" yelled the small boy who shared the "minding." They hovered, they streamed, they bobbed, tossing grey white fleeces and rolling yellow eyes. They nibbled, they scrunched, they devoured, for lucerne in its first leaf is tender to taste.

"Run round and bark, Miss! We must tarn 'em quick."

I ran, the boy ran, the varmint ran, not in the direction desired, "Bow-wow" mingled with "Baa-baa," and still the lucerne was under consumption.

"Ye must barr-uk down lower, Miss," the boy panted.

After that I could not bark at all; breathlessness and laughter choked my bow-wow. Oh, spirit of all the bobtails I have loved at Cruft's, lend me your voices! Dear beautiful bobbies, wall eyed and deep coated, give me your cunning! I could not win a cup on a show bench, I could not gain a single point, I am slow of understanding where minding is concerned! Perhaps the genius of the bobtails answered, for the wind flapped my black mackintosh with a sound unknown to varmint, and they headed for the cabbages. I tore off the oilskin coat, shaking it at them as I ran, and behold! in less than three minutes they were nibbling stumps as if they had never tasted forbidden fruit.

"You change wiv me, Miss; it ain't so 'ard by the 'edge."

The 'edge was a hedge. I was grateful to the small boy, and we changed. I inspected the hedge which bounded the wheat field; close set hazel bushes, brambles and a deep ditch left no opening for a varmint, even a little one. The rain was clearing, a ray of sunlight fell on the church tower—farming has its compensations. I thought of breakfast, of the morning mail, of a letter from "out there." I looked dreamily at the waking world, for it was seven o'clock on an April morning. Through a mist of thought I saw three white pigs in the wheat field; then I saw four. Careless of the people across the way to let their pigs into the young corn! Still, it was no concern of mine; my duty was to tend sheep, gather my flock, rescue them from wolves and lions and brambles. Shocking about those pigs; perhaps I ought to do something. I scrambled across the ditch and scratched my face among the thorns. Whereas there had been three pigs, there were now thirty. Surely never since the evolution of swine had such a peculiar breed rooted in a wheat field. Then I knew. Where varmint could go I could follow. Up and down we ran. I stopped the oncoming rush, for the opening was narrow, but the thirty had forgotten whence they came. I shook the friendly mackintosh between intervals of barking, but with no avail. Half the wheat field was on my boots, my leggings were no longer of leather, but of honest soil, I had lost my hat in the hedge, and my hair was neither up nor down.

She walks, the lady of my delight,  
A shepherdess of sheep.

Oh, if Alice Meynell could see the lady walking!

By some instinct, more sheep than varmint, one of the thirty found the hole in the hedge, and with beating heart I watched the twenty and nine follow, until not one of them was left. As the last tail bobbed through the opening I followed on hands and knees.

Oh, that I might sit beneath a hawthorn bush and play upon an oaten pipe! Oh, that the great god Pan would dance before me on nimble goats' feet, or Apollo, in leopard skin and crown of wild olives, chase me through a sylvan glade! I could not flee from him in my farm boots, and he would not love me, hot, dirty and dishevelled.

It would give me unholy joy to take all the poets who have ever written of sheep and stand them round my cabbage patch to run and bark. Fancy making William Shakespeare bark on his Tercentenary! Imagine John Milton in his velvet breeches saying "Bow-wow, ah-gruff-woo"! Think of Mrs. Browning and of Christina Rossetti picking up their crinolines! Hereafter sheep will trouble my prayers, and church anthems concerning them will be spoilt for ever.

William is coming across the field, and the flock is munching in its appointed place.

"You've done that right well, Miss, you hev. What we do reely want be a sheeppdog, not a young lady. You run whome an git yer vittels. Ye can't wark wi'out vittels."

On the whole I rather like sheep. Porridge and margarine have revived my vitality.

AMY J. BAKER.

[The following letter from a girl novice at farm work has been forwarded by the recipient. It supplements and confirms the impression of our vivacious contributor.—ED.]

SIR,—I had posted my note before your butler called last night and I was in such a hurry to catch the post that I hadn't time to mention that I saw Mrs. — last Tuesday. She wrote that they wanted six women for farm work. When I called there she asked me if I understood anything about poultry, or could I milk, or make butter, etc. Of course I had to say I couldn't. It seems I can't do anything that is any use. Then she asked me if I was game to clean the cow sheds. I said I would if it would lead up to anything better afterwards. Mr. — asked me a few questions and then offered to show me round the place. He took me to a long shed and opened the door for me to go in first, and at the same time he announced "these are the bull sheds." I didn't scream but I nearly ran away. I thought all the beasts were loose, but afterwards I noticed they were chained to the wall. I prayed that the chains would hold at least until I got outside again. Mr. —, after assuring me that the animals were quite quiet, began to explain what I should have to do. "You take a pitchfork and clear away the straw twice a day, but you have to be careful not to touch the animal or he will kick; and then you have to scrape the beast, you would do this twice a day; then you have to wash mangold wurzels, scrape them and chop them in a machine and feed the beast." By the time he had finished I could hardly speak for horror. I could imagine myself dodging round those fearful hoofs with a pitchfork, trying to get the last little bit of straw out of the corner of the stall without hitting the gentleman, and with those eyes looking at me all the time to see that I did the work properly. I felt quite certain that if he swished his tail round only once I should stick the pitchfork in him and run. I refused to think about the scraping just then. I

thought that could come afterwards. We walked down the length of the bull sheds and Mr. — said that, of course, if I couldn't clean these I couldn't do anything on a farm. But he advised me to go for a week on trial and see if I cared about it. He said it was a good chance to learn farm work thoroughly, and I could learn to plough—the horses were not safe for a woman to drive but I could go out with one of the men. I must say Mrs. — and Mr. — were very nice, but Mrs. — thought

I ought to try to do something better. The hours were from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day and Sunday from January 1st to December 31st; wages 16s. per week. I came to the conclusion that it wasn't good enough. So I decided to try —. I thought I would go there for a week or two by myself and if I got on with the work I could look out for a cottage or small house and my mother could come afterwards. W.

## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE: NAPOLEON

By J. M. DODINGTON.

FOR six months on end the Brigade had been wallowing in the mud of Flanders. Four days in the trenches, four days out was the theory—sometimes acted upon, sometimes not. But whether in or out, the mud was an unfailing factor; its only variation was in its depth.

The transport animals were creaking up, the limbers were falling to pieces, among the men "trench-feet" were becoming far too common, when at last the welcome order came: "You will march the Brigade to — and there entrain for rest-camp at —."

A prodigious bustle ensued. "Farewell, Piccadilly," sang the men as they turned their backs on the hateful salient, their only pang of regret being the parting with the dogs and cats which had for so long been their cherished guests. But they left them in full assurance that they would be equally well treated by the incoming regiments. For such is the way of Tommy—bless his soft heart!

Napoleon, however, was not one of the derelicts; the indomitable Napoleon who, starved, filthy, unkempt, had a few days before the move entered the dilapidated barn-bedroom of no less a personage than the Brigadier-General himself, had helped himself to the contents of a jar of *fois-gras* just arrived in a home-parcel, coiled himself into a tight round ball upon the pillow of the Brigadier's bed, and there slept the sleep of the just.

"You miserable little mongrel!" cried the irate General, as, an hour or two later, he entered his airy apartment.

Napoleon uncoiled himself and arose with great dignity to his full height of ten inches: "Mongrel I may be—who is to answer for the sins of his ancestors? Little I may be—as to body; but so great of soul am I that I can look even a Brigadier in the face without flinching," said that bright brown bead of an eye.

"What! after having devoured his lunch?"

"Yes, even then . . . I was very, very hungry"—the rat-tail at the end of the skeleton body began to quiver.

The Brigadier surveyed the wretched object for a minute longer, then his lips curved into a smile: "Come and get washed—Napoleon!" he said. And this was the small waif's christening.

Now perched on a transport wagon, watching jealously over his master's valise, growling ferociously at any sacrilegious Tommy who dared to lay finger thereon, Napoleon made the journey to the railway station. Still in the company of the valise he was slowly jerked and jolted out of the mire of Flanders and across the frontier into what was, marvellous to relate, still a fair, fair tract of La Belle France.

"What!" cried Napoleon, as from his lofty eminence on the cattle-truck he surveyed the landscape: "Real hills? Real streams? Real woods? And, as I live"—he sprang to his feet and executed an ecstatic war-dance—"a real rabbit!" High above the rattle of the train rose the tornado of shrill, falsetto barks with which he pursued the disappearing scout.

The Brigadier's reflections as he gazed from his carriage window were not unlike those of his little mongrel: "Jove, how fresh and green it all looks! Gad, doesn't it smell good?" Through his nostrils he drew a long, long breath of the clean earth-odour. "By Jupiter, I'd have had him!" and he raised an imaginary gun to his shoulder as a cock-pheasant whirled up from a coppice: "By gum, I believe there's trout there!" Disregarding printed regulations he leaned from the window and gazed yearningly down upon the deep, dark pools and alluring stickles. "Wonder if it's preserved—or is it close season now in this country?" He pondered long over this international question, then, as the brook discharged itself into a broad river tortuously winding through green meadows and swaying osier-beds on its way to the sea the furrows of thought cleared from his brow: "Pike there, anyhow—pike by the dozen, or I'm a Dutchman! I'll have a go at 'em to-morrow." For all was fish that came to the net of such a genuine sportsman as the General.

Not quite on the morrow—for settling into a new camp means a good deal of detail, and he was a conscientious man—but very shortly thereafter the General was standing, rod in

hand, beside the sluggish stream. Not quite ideal angling ground, now that he saw it at closer range, for weeds were many and thickly intertwined: "A regular Saragossa Sea!" he murmured, disgustedly, as he surveyed the carpet which stretched from bank to bank.

Still there were some very likely reaches where the current flowed more swiftly, and to these the Brigadier addressed himself. With very fair success—nothing out of the way, still, in the course of a couple of hours he had landed five jack, ranging from 4lb. to 8lb. in weight. A couple of hours fraught with intense excitement to Napoleon, who followed close at his master's heel.

"Seems thoroughly to understand the game. Must have 'been there before—many a time," murmured the General, as he looked at the eagerly pricked forward ears, the small, quivering nose, the glowing eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the bobbing float. There came a tremendous tug: "Jove! that's a big 'un." Away ran the line—too far away, alas! away down-stream into another "Saragossa Sea."

"—nation!" The Brigadier was not unduly given to strong language, he permitted himself no other word, but clenched his teeth and set to work. Beside him Napoleon stood like a dog of steel, every muscle tense and taut. Absolutely silent, his emotion too deep for utterance, he watched the struggle. A Homeric struggle it was, but at last victory seemed within the fisherman's grasp. "Thought he'll bring a floating island with him," the Brigadier muttered, as the jack's huge, hideous snout appeared above the Saragossa Sea.

Alack! alack! The strain had been too great for the General's faithful—but ancient—rod; there came a crack—a splash—the snout vanished below the weeds, the half of the broken rod floated above them.

"—nation!" The word was yet on the Brigadier's lips when there came another splash—and into the Saragossa Sea plunged Napoleon. He seized the floating rod in his mouth and turned his head towards his master. Only for a second, in the next he had gone under. Half-dazed, the Brigadier gazed at the spot where he had disappeared: "Dragged down by the jack? or, no, the weeds?"

The thought just flashed across his brain—then there came a third splash. A big splash this time—the General was a big man.

Big as he was, powerful swimmer as he was, the —th Brigade was that morning nearer than it ever knew to losing its Head. Groping about under water, he found Napoleon's limp form, wrapped closely round by the clinging weeds. With a great effort he disentangled them from the inert limbs, only to find their tentacles embracing his own. . . . It was a great fight, at one despairing moment it seemed as if it would be a losing fight between him and the Saragossa Sea. But never did he quit his hold of Napoleon or slacken his endeavour to hold above water the ugly little head. And at last he conquered; slowly and sulkily the Saragossa Sea gave up its prey.

For half an hour limp Brigadier and limper Napoleon lay, oblivious to all outward things, upon the reedy bank. Then they pulled themselves together and trotted back to camp.

And the jack? . . . Three weeks later the General, just recovered from an extremely severe cold in his head, was strolling along the road which led past a lower reach of the sluggish river.

"What's that you're doing, Napoleon? Rolling in filth as usual! Come out of it, you dirty little cur. D'ye hear me? come out of it, sir!"

Slowly and reluctantly Napoleon arose from the river's brink; with him arose a most abominable odour. Firmly clapping his nose the Brigadier peered down through the reeds, and there he saw the decaying corpse of a 25lb. pike, with a hook through its hideous snout.

Since the above was written Napoleon has made history all along the line, has slain hecatombs of rats in stature exceeding his own, has been stolen by a conscienceless rival Brigade and recovered at the bayonet's point; since when in his walks abroad he is invariably attended by a bodyguard of lynx-eyed Tommies!



## LITERATURE

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK

**M**R. A. D. Hall's new book, *Agriculture After the War* (Murray), is bound to arrest thought and provoke discussion. As the end of the war is probably a long way off yet a great many problems arising out of it are less urgent than the vigorous pursuit of hostilities, but the increased production of food is of immediate as well as future importance. And plain speaking about it is very necessary since there is too great a tendency to assume complacently that British husbandry continues to hold its place as the best in the world; whereas it has for a long time been retrograde. Some excellent farmers we have, but the general level has fallen. The situation is defined in a sentence at the end of the first chapter:

After the war many classes of the community will be impoverished by taxation and their power of making purchases abroad will be correspondingly reduced; the nation as a whole will have to work harder and to depend as much as possible upon its own internal resources, of which the land has been the least exploited.

The decline of British agriculture is established by the result of three separate tests. A decline has occurred in arable cultivation from 13,839,369 acres for its maximum in 1872 to 10,306,467 acres in 1914. There is no need to labour the point that this means a marked decrease in food production. Apologists without looking closely into the matter say that if there is less corn there is more meat. This will not hold water. Stated in millions, the falling off of wheat production has been from £22.07 in 1872 to £10.85 in 1913, the corresponding figures for barley being £11.37 and £8.59; for potatoes, £6.66 and £7.6. Compensation for this serious loss is not found in any increase of livestock. The increase in cattle does not balance the decrease in sheep and pigs. Lastly, Mr. Hall calculates that over a quarter of a million workers have left the land since 1872—seven men for each hundred acres that have been laid down to grass. Reclamation has ceased. While other nations have been adding to their cultivated area we have been letting ploughland go back to waste.

Mr. Hall proves the seriousness of the case by the irrefutable testimony of facts. This country in normal times annually imports 250 million pounds' worth of goods that could be grown at home. It is for food parasitic upon other nations. War has shown the weakness of this in three directions:

1. Through the absolute danger of starvation, or of such a limitation of supplies as will raise prices to the point of creating an internal crisis.
2. By the withdrawal of our naval power from its offensive function to that of guarding the trade routes.
3. Through the reduction of the national credit by the necessity of paying such large amounts, which are materially increased in war time, to foreign producers.

No further statement is required to bring home the necessity of seeking for remedies at once. The priceless value of this book lies in the suggestion offered as to what remedies are practicable. Here, at any rate, is a body of proposals out of which an effective policy may be hammered. In the main they deserve support, although one is compelled to register a difference as to several points. For example, although it is inevitable that in view of the national perils involved it will not be possible to allow the individual owner to neglect cultivation and improvement, we do not believe that success would ensue from State ownership of the land to which Mr. Hall obviously inclines. State ownership is never economical. The non-success of the last Small Holdings Act was largely due to extravagant expenditure. Always, too, the interference of the State carries with it the appointment of more and more officials of "the competent Civil Service" type. They may be depended upon to discharge their duties promptly and honourably, but it would be folly to look to them for initiative and enterprise. Officials always tend to develop into a close corporation, whereas scientific genius, like every other, has the habit of turning up when least expected and almost invariably outside the garden hedge. But that is a detail. In view of the sentimental weakness of the craze for small holdings, it is refreshing to find the experienced agricultural leader insisting that agriculture, like every other art, can best be worked on a large scale. Mr. Hall's idea is that a huge farm of 5,000 acres, if directed and managed by a qualified staff, could, acre for acre, produce more food than a small holding, and at the same time yield those engaged in management incomes as good as they could earn by farming for themselves. A

hundred and fifty labourers would be employed at the beginning and more afterwards.

Mr. Hall admits that this scheme is not immediately practical. The complete change of circumstances offered by the war is only slowly realised, and for a long time capital will be shy of agriculture. Nor do we think it at all likely that the State will institute one or two examples in order to demonstrate the possibilities of farming on this large scale. If such a concern grew naturally out of the successful large farms it would attract the required capital easily enough. But a state or company starting without this foundation would probably have to pay through the nose, and with the enormous National Debt on which interest must be paid it would be criminal for the Treasury to risk much.

In regard to a small holdings system, Mr. Hall coldly remarks that the advantages are "more social than agricultural," and goes on to summarise the disadvantages in words to which the Government should give heed:

1. The independence of the small holder is often purchased dearly at the cost of the excessive labour of the occupier and the "sweating" of his family.
2. There are many losses and failures, both at starting and when a series of bad years occur.
3. In themselves small holdings are necessarily uneconomical units for dealing with land. Most farming operations become much cheaper when carried out on a wide scale; the use of machinery is only profitable on large fields and when the machine can be given a full measure of work in proportion to its cost. The large farmer is more likely to apply science and bring knowledge to his business; the small holder must be conservative in his methods, and generally becomes very unprogressive.

A more profitable field of activity is indicated when he comes to write of reclamation. Most valuable is his list of places where there are opportunities for it on a reasonably large scale. They are slob lands and salt marsh such as may be found round the Wash; in the Dee estuary and the Firth of Forth. (2) Blown sand adjoining the sea as in North Wales. (3) Heath such as the "brek" land of Norfolk and Suffolk. (4) Low lying moor or bog. (5) Upland sheep walk. Here we have work that is profitable both for the individual and the nation,

the land won is sheer gain to the cultivated area, no previously existing labour is displaced, and the increased population provided for, as well as the absolute addition to the production of food, enhance the wealth of the nation both by the commercial exchanges promoted and the new contribution of rates and taxes.

Here Mr. Hall is on firm ground, as he is also when demonstrating the need for an increase of arable and the cultivation of sugar beet. Standing is less secure when dependent on Government and official help.

The reclamation of waste land by modern methods is a profitable form of business, and therefore will be most fittingly undertaken by a company formed on a purely commercial basis and working for profits. This constitution is the only one for ensuring the combination of efficiency and economy.

## LITERARY NOTES

A correspondent writes to say that "In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated April 8th there is an excellent article on Rugby School, by A. Ollivant, and at the end of the same there is a verse quotation of four lines. May I ask from what poem they are taken, the author and publisher, as I should greatly like to obtain the full version if it is at all possible?" The lines, with an emendation which is also an improvement, are from a poem by the writer of the article, Mr. Ollivant. They were first published in a supplement to the school magazine, *The Comet*, of March 31st of the present year, and with the permission of the editor and author the whole poem is reprinted below, as we are sure it will interest and please not only Rugbeians, but many who have not the advantage of being connected with the famous school.

## THE ARMY OF OUR DEAD.

I.

Marching at dusk across the Close in column,  
Mud-stained and triumphant, from the trenches where they bled,  
Behold they come through the listening twilight,  
Swinging home at evening, the Army of Our Dead.

(Drums. Voice of the People.)

These are the Men, austere and terrible,  
Soldiers and Rugbeians, strong as they are pure;  
Who at the knees of Her, their Iron Mother,  
Learned through prayer to labour, to dare, and to endure.

2.

Endless Battalions, swishing in the silence,  
Through the drift of elm-leaves, tramp across the Quad,  
Answer Calling-Over in the Old Big School and gather  
Quiet in the Cloisters, on their way to God.

(Fifes. Voices of the Boys.

*These are our Comrades who have gone before us,  
Soldiers and Rugbeians, of their purpose sure:  
Who at the knees of Her, our Iron Mother,  
Learned through prayer to labour, to dare, and to endure.*

3.

When came the call for which She had prepared them  
In Close and School and Chapel through the ages gray,  
All the generations of her stern-eyed children,  
Dead alike and living, rose to meet the Day.

(Trumpets. Voice of the School.

*These are my Sons, the Sons of all my Centuries,  
Soldiers and Rugbeians, strong as they are pure:  
Who at the knees of their unyielding Mother  
Learned through prayer to labour, to dare, and to endure.*

4.

The day will come, the day is always coming,  
When you and I will be called on to enroll,  
In the growing ranks of that Immortal Army,  
And carve our names in steel upon that Scroll.

(Pipes. Voices of the Dead.

*Rouse, little Comrades, make you ready daily,  
Soldiers and Rugbeians, swift and stern and sure;  
True to yourselves, and Her, our Iron Mother,  
Learn through prayer to labour, to dare, and to endure.*

From time to time attention has been drawn to the verses which have been written by old boys from the various public schools. Our readers may remember a number that emanated from Marlborough and also the fine poem by the Marquess of Crewe, "A Harrow Grave in Flanders," which we reprinted with Lord Crewe's permission and that of the editor of *The Harrovian*. It began:

"Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,  
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,  
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,  
He rests unknown."

Verses like these have far more than a literary interest, and for that very reason may come in the end to sound a new and higher note in English poetry. For in recent years there has been a tendency among the highly accomplished young poets to exercise their art in trifling introspective and morbidly egotistic themes. The war has been a trumpet call bringing them back to the strong, simple emotions born out of hard dealing with the stern realities of life. A stronger and nobler poetry is in the way of emerging from the conflict of battle. It answers to the transformation accomplished in the young men themselves. They went out, many of them, gay, frivolous, and, apparently, empty. But experience of war has given strength both to body and mind. The children have become men and the warbling of the poets is developing into a deep and solemn music. In other words, the mere musical stringing together of a passing thought is making way for the sincere expression of sincere emotions.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE LANDING AT GALLIPOLI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest your review of a book, "With the Zionists in Gallipoli," by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., and may I point out that his contention that the whole of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force under General Sir Ian Hamilton should have been landed at what we now know as Anzac Cove is plausible, but in practice was impossible. In the first place, to land a force numbering from 75,000 to 80,000 men upon a small beach dominated by good artillery positions hidden by all the modern artifices of war would have been an exceedingly dangerous experiment. Secondly, the force having been disembarked would have not only found serious opposition from the front, but on both flanks, *i.e.*, from the Turkish forces at the southern point of the Peninsula, and from another army north of Sari Bair. Thirdly, there is nothing to show that the force would have been able to get to the Narrows, for Kilid Bahr was very powerfully protected by an entrenched plateau, and in the numerous forts backing it were big guns which the Fleet had not destroyed during the bombardment. The frightfully difficult nature of the country between the Narrows and Anzac, scrub-covered gullies, jungle and precipitous hills, among which were concealed large numbers of Turks armed with mobile guns, machine guns, pom-poms, grenades, mortars and every kind of weapon which the Germans were using (with the exception of poisonous gas) must have prevented the force from reaching its destination—the Narrows. Even then the Turks could have sent reinforcements to the Peninsula, for the Asiatic shores would still have been in their possession. To these difficulties must be added that most serious obstacle of all—the want of an adequate water supply. No, sir, the thing was impossible! I think Colonel Patterson must have overlooked these matters, for otherwise his book is extremely interesting and I am mentioning his Zionists in my history (particulars of which I send with this letter). I trust he will acquit me of "carping criticism"—there has been much of that in this war, and very little of constructive criticism, which is legitimate. In years to come the "landings" in the Gallipoli campaign will form the subject of much study by military students, and it will be found that Sir Ian Hamilton was perfectly correct in his decision—a decision which I believe I am right in saying was reached only after many discussions with his principal staff officers.—EVERARD WYRAL.

### THE NEGLECT OF HOME TIMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Professor Somerville's letter, in your issue of April 29th, on "The Neglect of Home Timber," will meet with the approval of every man in the country who has no private axe to grind and no vested interest to serve. Whichever way this question be looked at we seem to be up against difficulties which, although irksome enough at the moment, are, for obvious reasons, destined to become more embarrassing in the future. The single fact that most of the timber producing countries of the two hemispheres have felt constrained to commence conserving their own supplies owing to excessive cutting during the last twenty-five years argues less rather than more timber in the years to come. On the other hand, the rapid increase in the world's population will in itself automatically create larger wants for wood for all purposes—building, furniture, wood-pulp, etc., while the abnormal demand for every kind of timber which must of necessity spring up after the war to enable the nations to reconstruct what the Huns have ruthlessly destroyed will enormously augment the demand. I am in perfect accord with Professor Somerville's views with regard to the necessity of the afforestation of Great Britain being undertaken by the State, the State alone being in a position to secure fixity of purpose in the prosecution of the industry

and continuity of management. The State does not die, nor would it, having finally determined to adopt widespread afforestation as a national economic necessity, be likely to abandon the industry—as many private owners have done—after once establishing it. Nor could it be reasonably expected that private owners would willingly lock up large sums of money in an industry that produces no return at all for thirty-five to forty years, and does not yield maximum profits for seventy or eighty years. For this reason, and for others, silviculture offers little or no inducement to the private individual. As a commercial enterprise it had no attraction for him in the pre-war days when he was financially better off. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that, now his resources are sorely crippled, he will be found ready and willing to put a penny of his greatly restricted capital into an industry which promises a financial return half a century or more ahead. Obviously this is a State undertaking, and although State work is always expensively carried out, the afforestation of the United Kingdom must be done as a State measure or not done at all. In acquiring the necessary area for State afforestation, there would be no necessity to ask Parliament for a new Act, or for more plenary powers. It would only be necessary to extend the provisions of existing legislative enactments to such waste lands as may be suitable for the purpose. It is estimated that about 112,000 acres would be required annually to encompass "an eighty year rotation," and if we estimate the average value of the land on the basis of that paid for the Inverliever estate in Argyllshire, *i.e.*, £2 per acre, the annual sum required, including cost of afforestation, would not amount to more than about £700,000. The Report on Afforestation, 1909, estimated the cost of the land at £6 10s. per acre, and the cost of afforestation at the same figure. The purchase of the Inverliever estate shows how lavish was the estimate of the Royal Commissioners in respect of the cost of the land, while there is every reason to believe that if care be exercised, as it must now be, even in State enterprises, the cost of afforestation should not exceed £4 per acre, or two-thirds of the estimated cost. This works out as follows:

Cost of 112,000 acres at £2 per acre .. ..	£224,000
Cost of afforesting 112,000 acres at £4 per acre ..	448,000
Total annual expenditure .. ..	£672,000

—W. E. COOPER.

### KEEP PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter under the above heading in your issue of May 6th contains information and advice of a most excellent nature. But the trouble in our country at the present time is not dearth of bacon factories, but dearth of pigs. I doubt if there is a single bacon factory in this country that is getting as many pigs per week as is wished or required. What we want are more pig breeders, and everyone with poor or waste land can breed pigs easily and at a profit, with the minimum of capital investment. Those with unused woodland or downland should, as a duty to their country, do it. Those with poor quality farming land should do so for the above reason and also because it will rapidly add to the fertility of their farms, with a consequent increase in other farm products. There is an almost unlimited demand for the twelve and sixteen week old little pigs, which can be bred at a profit, as I can prove by figures, and my open air system of breeding reduces labour and other charges to a minimum, besides breeding healthy pigs easily and surely. Hundreds are farrowed each month here now and the demand still outstrips the supply. Now, Farmers and Land Owners, start pig breeding and keep in this country some of the £24,000,000 going abroad for pigs!—S. F. ERGE.



## WAR ON VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I can thoroughly endorse "H. T. B. K.'s" views as to the hedgehog. Far from being the harmless animal he is often supposed to be, the hedgepig is a bold and determined robber, a bit of a gourmet, too, for partridge eggs, pheasant eggs and young rabbits form part of his menu whenever he can get them. Last season the hedgehogs were exceptionally numerous, and proof positive of their liking for eggs and chickens was brought to my notice by tenant farmers, to say nothing of what the keepers had to say about them. I wonder, by the way, if any of your readers have noticed the extreme rapidity and dash with which a hedgehog makes his final onslaught upon his prey. Weasels, I think, do more mischief than stoats, and I am not sure that rats are not the worst of all. Fortunately, they are easier to exterminate. Owls I never have shot or allowed to be shot, though my keeper will have it that the little owls do a lot of harm. He may be right, but up to now he has not been able to supply me with definite evidence against them, nor have I myself ever seen one "in the act." There was a time when I firmly believed in the innocence of the badger; but, alas! that belief is now numbered with other lost illusions. I once had a couple of tame badgers, so tame that they would go for a walk with me just as a dog would do. If alarmed, they would rush up close to me with a peculiar half whistle, half hissing sound. They were amusing little friends, would often take my finger into their mouth, but never bit. The gardener, I should add, hated them, for they would dig up his onions, eat his strawberries, and play general havoc if by chance they managed to get a quiet hour or so in the garden. My badgers were, however, surly and untrustworthy with strangers, and finally I had to get rid of them, much to my regret. Otters, too, I have had as pets, very "chummy" ones, too, but I never managed to get them to bring me a fish. As a matter of fact, much to my surprise, it was a long time before they would go into the water at all. To get back to the object of this letter, I would say this—if you want a good head of partridges, down with the vermin, not forgetting the hedgehog.—B.

## NO MORE INDOOR WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been working among our men at the front for the Y.M.C.A., and have made a point of asking them, especially those who have been Boy Scouts, what they propose to do after the war. One and all say the same thing—no more indoor work. They will not go back to shop and office again. One said, "I never knew what it was to be alive till I enlisted." Unless something is done, a great many will certainly emigrate and will do well. Can we offer anything as good? Having been on our County Small Holdings Committee since it began, I must say that it is useless to put men on the land without a thorough training, and would suggest that County Councils should begin training a few suitable men who have been discharged from the Army in farm work on small holdings.—A. G. BURCHARDT ASHTON, Commissioner for Emigration, Boy Scouts Association.

## BLIND RABBITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your contributor calls attention to the horrible cruelty there is in taking rabbits by the snare, smure, noose or other names by which the running snare is known. The few which get loose will be able to live for weeks in a half-throttled state, until some beast or bird of prey picks them up. But this is not the only way in which rabbits are made blind. When rabbits are at play or engaged in a fight the claws in their forepaws, or feet, are dangerous weapons, and in the drumming way in which they use their forefeet they often "scratch each others eyes out," or nearly so. I have seen rabbits offered for sale after snaring with badly scratched faces, and long ago came to the conclusion that it was due to the way in which they used their forefeet in play or fight.—OBSERVER.

## BIRD'S-NESTING AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I, as a lover of wild birds, be permitted to protest against the ruthless cruelty of your correspondent, "T. E. K.," in his article "Bird's-nesting at the Front." On every occasion of finding a nest, he relates with pride that he took the clutch. Has he no feelings for our feathered friends or has warfare completely blunted his finer feelings? I can easily understand a collector of eggs taking one or even two eggs from a nest, but to rob

the entire nest is an unwarrantable piece of cruelty. Not content with this, the author goes on to describe with evident satisfaction that he tried to snare the bird and appears indignant that the bird refused to permit itself to be caught. What would be his feelings, I should like to know, if he heard that his own country had been invaded and that the Huns had entered his home and taken his entire clutch? I have seldom had the misfortune to read a more heartless account of unnecessary cruelty to nesting birds, and lest the author may think I am a stay-at-home sentimentalist, I may mention that I also am at the front, have been through fourteen engagements and been wounded.—BIRD-LOVER.

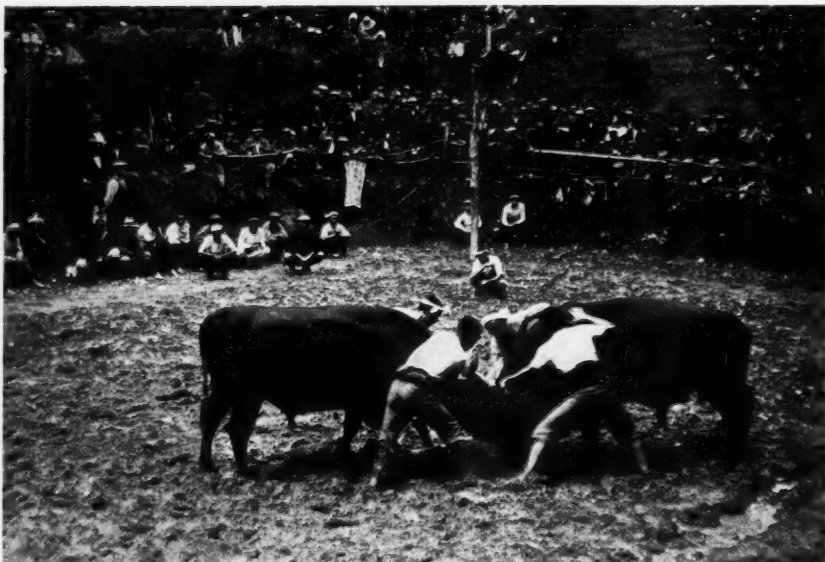
## FARMERS BULL FIGHTING IN JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As can be seen from the accompanying picture, bull fighting in Japan is a very different thing to the Spanish fight. Here there is no risk to either men or horses, but the farmers pit their bulls against each other for a sheer contest of pluck and strength. Although the methods are so different in the two countries, however, it is commonly supposed that bull fighting was



A CHARGE.



PARTING THE COMBATANTS.

introduced into Japan long ago in the old feudal times by Spanish merchants who visited the country for trade.—K. SAKAMOTO, Tokiwa-cho, Yamada, Mie-Ken, Japan.

## STOUPS AND MORTARS.

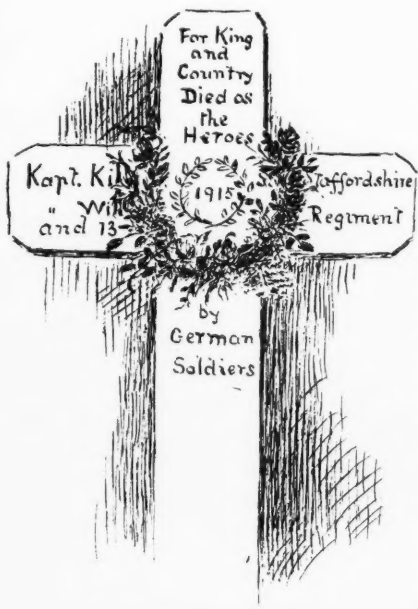
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are, no doubt, as Mr. St. John Hope states, numerous examples of domestic mortars to be found, but I know of no part of the country where there are so many as in the Vale of Clwyd. They are all made of Gwespys freestone, about 7in. square, and some bear dates and initials—two in my possession for the years 1690 and 1730. The stone seems soft for pounding purposes, but none that I have seen appear the worse for wear. The first I noticed had strayed away from this vale as far as Glynllifon, Carnarvonshire, and was described to me as a "holy-water stoup," recently found during the restoration of a neighbouring church. I saw another in the Liverpool Museum, stated to be a "Roman mortar from Anglesea."—FRANK L. RAWLINS.

## A GERMAN TRIBUTE TO FALLEN FOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a sketch of the cross marking the grave of our son, Lieutenant Williams, and thirteen men of the Staffordshires, which I have made from a rough sketch sent home by the Colonel of the regiment last November. I enclose also a copy of the Colonel's letter. This cross, with the great wreath of flowers, seems to be such an unusual tribute from an enemy whom we are accustomed to look upon as entirely brutal, that we think it should not be passed over unnoticed. The War Office, however, at the time did not consider it conclusive evidence of our son's death, and we and Mr. Williams' family have for several months tried to believe that it was erected to deceive, and that we might hope our sons would return to us after the war.



## ENEMY RECOGNITION.

We have been in correspondence ever since our son disappeared in September, with a German General, a former acquaintance, who has acted with extraordinary kindness to us, trying to trace our son. We did not tell him of the cross as we doubted its *bona fides*, but we found out the number of the regiment opposed to the South Staffords that day and asked the General to enquire from that regiment what had become of our son and Mr. Williams, and eventually we received a letter quoting the Colonel of the German regiment. He wrote with such evident sincerity that the War Office accepted this letter as evidence of our son's death, and a later letter received last week quotes a second letter from the German Colonel, who mentions both our son and Mr. Williams. He says, "the Kilby family may think of their son with pride." Mr. Williams' family have now accepted the German Colonel's remarks as evidence of their son's death too. Our son was a constant reader of COUNTRY LIFE, and when his property came from Aldershot, after the regiment went out in August, 1914, a great pile of COUNTRY LIVES came too. He was a real lover of the country and an authority on British birds. Even at the front he could detach his mind from the horrors of war and look out for rare or curious birds and flowers. On one occasion he sent home a description of a bird he had seen, a stranger to him, but which he thought must be a rufous warbler. We sent his description to the Natural History Museum and were told that it was an excellent one of this particular bird. His men, who "worshipped" him (as we hear on all sides), knew of his love for flowers and were always on the look out for something the captain would like. When he came home on a week's leave in July last he brought some rose cuttings from his trench garden at Givenchy, and they were all budded on to stocks and are doing well.—ALICE F. KILBY.

[We also publish the Colonel's letter below.—Ed.]

DEAR MRS. KILBY,—I enclose a rough sketch of a cross which the Germans have erected on the tow-path just below the embankment redoubt. It has



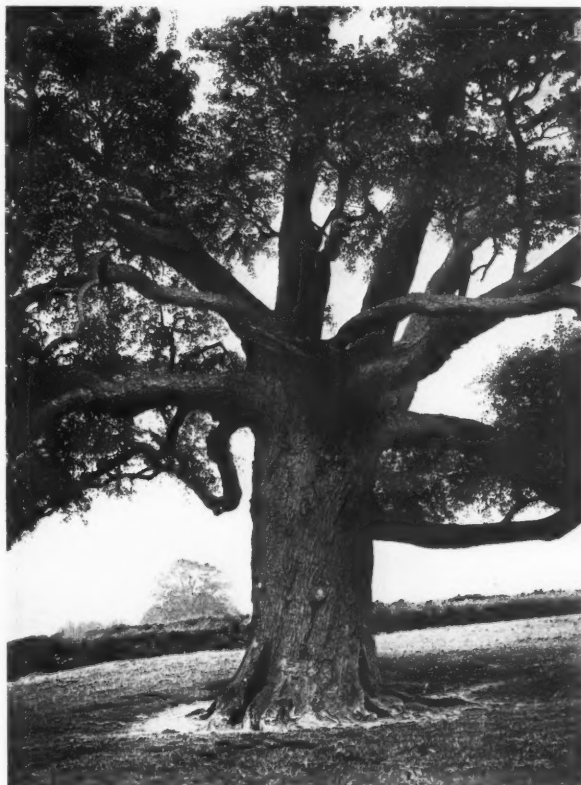
AFTER THE FEBRUARY GALE.

a big wreath of flowers on it which partly obscures the inscription, but I am afraid there can be no doubt that it is meant for your son and Williams, who was also missing. About a week ago the Germans erected a big cross between the Brickstacks and the canal, inscribed: "For King and Fatherland—Lieutenant King and Lieutenant Hall and eight men of the South Staffordshire Regiment, who died like heroes." This first cross led me to hope that your son and Williams must have been taken prisoner, so we put up a big notice in front of our trench thanking them very much for the cross and asking if they had any news of Captain Kilby and Lieutenant Williams. This second cross appeared afterwards. It was an awful shock to me, as the first cross had considerably strengthened my hope that he might be a prisoner. It is very gratifying to know that even our enemies recognise the superb heroism of that attack. If ever men died like heroes, they did.—With sympathy, yours sincerely, L. BOYD MOSS.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE LASSINGTON PEAR TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photograph of the celebrated pear tree at Lassington which was destroyed in the February gale. Mr. H. J. Elwes describes it and shows



## THE PEAR TREE AS IT WAS.

it in its former dignity in Vol. VI of his great book, "The Trees of Great Britain and Ireland."—RICHARD W. DUGDALE.

[By kind permission of Mr. Elwes we reproduce from his book a photograph of the pear tree as it was. Following is his description of it: "The largest pear tree which I have ever seen or heard of stands alone on the north side of a hill on Church Farm in the parish of Lassington, about two miles from Gloucester, in a grass field of rather strong land on the Old Red Sandstone. Whether it is, as I believe, a wild pear, or not, it is on its own roots, and bears small fruit which ripen earlier than any of the perry pears of the district. It is described in Witchesell's 'Fauna and Flora of Gloucestershire,' 264 (1892) as being 18 feet in girth, but I measured it, in January, 1909, as 16½ feet in girth and about 50 feet high. The trunk is about 15 feet high, and, though hollow at the base, with a large limb broken off, seems healthy, and the branches are full of young wood. By a rough estimate it must contain at least 200 cubic feet in the trunk, and another 100 feet or more in the larger limbs, and is the oldest-looking pear tree that I ever saw."—Ed.]

## AN APPRECIATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am with N. A. Rudd and G. Bolan in acknowledging and appreciating your very interesting articles on bird life. I cannot fully express in a few lines the pleasure and instruction myself and family derive from your articles on the great crested grebe. We all hope there are more such series to follow. Should the second thousand of COUNTRY LIFE prove as interesting as the first, there is no doubt of a long and successful career in front of it.—H. J. HIBBS.



## A SOUVENIR OF THE LOWESTOFT RAID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a couple of photographs of a souvenir of the late Lowestoft raid, in the shape of a German 11·7 shell, weighing 350lb.



A GERMAN 11·7 SHELL.



THE LAST HOLE IT MADE.

I am afraid I cannot say how much damage it did before striking the corner of the house shown in the second picture, where it ended its career still unexploded.—R. T.

## A COLOURED ROOK OR JACKDAW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers offer any suggestions to account for the colour of a rook—or jackdaw—which has been flying about in the park with the other birds till this morning, when it alighted, wings outspread, but, unfortunately, back towards me, on a tall stump close to the house? The head and back are bright metallic green, like a starling, and the wings bright cinnamon. It is the most extraordinary looking bird.—A. LA TERRIERE.

## A COMMEMORATIVE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

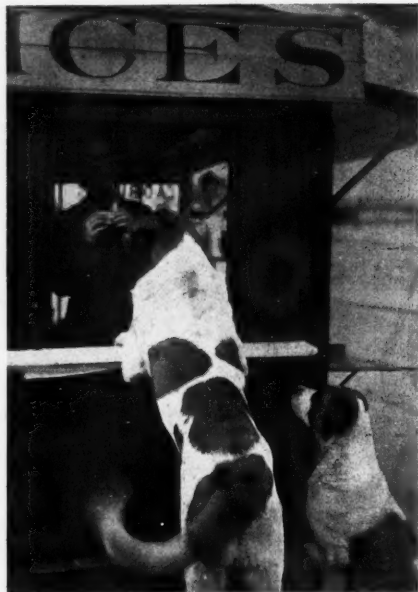
SIR,—As a good deal of correspondence is going on just now about forestry, some of your readers may be interested in the enclosed photograph of a farm house on the Duke of Sutherland's Shropshire estate. The large tree in the foreground, a sycamore, was planted by my grandfather in 1828 to commemorate the birth of the third duke. It seems to be a good sample of eighty-eight years' growth and, having been no trouble or expense to anyone since the day it was planted, is now worth—how much? My father succeeded to the farm. It then became the home of fourteen children, and we mustered sixteen at church on Christmas Day for many years. We did not, of course, march up the aisle *en masse*, but generally left the house in three parties, my father

being churchwarden, starting very early with such as were ready. The last group often hurried in as the bells stopped and, seats being at a premium, were glad to take hasty cover in "The Old Men's Pew" under the pulpit, beside Charley Icke—who, with two wooden legs and two donkeys and carts, was coal carrier for the village—and next door to the box seat of the stout and rubicund clerk with his deafening "Amen." The farms on three sides of us at that time had respectively twelve, thirteen and, I think, ten children, but we were all beaten by my father's general workman, whose number reached seventeen! I hardly think it would be possible to place one's hand on five such families in a similar area to-day. This photograph, taken in 1915, shows the setting somewhat changed since our day. A beautiful copper beech has disappeared, sheds have sprung up where once were shrubs, and the house itself, really a fine red brick with one old stucco gable, has recently been whitewashed! It may, indeed, be described as a study in black and white, for there are many ugly dark patches where the wash has not "taken."—C. J. C.

## DOGS' BISCUITS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, which I took at a seaside resort, struck me as being a little out of the common. The dogs shown are very keen on ice-cream wafers. As soon as the bucket of cream arrives at the sweetstuff stall on the beach they keep a watchful eye on the proprietor, and the bigger of the two will stand with his forepaws on the counter, as shown, for quite a long time—in fact, until their wants have been attended to. Ices they have no use for.—J. L.



"OUR WAFERS, PLEASE."

## THE OXLIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a lively memory of gathering oxlips in Derbyshire meadows for the purpose of wine making. It was the popular opinion that oxlip flowers, or pips as they were mostly called, made a better kind of wine than cowslips because the pips were larger and the plants grew more in the sun. Oxlips are now more rare, partly because of an idea that if dug up and cultivated they turned to "pollyants." In fact, it was a general belief that most things were the better for being set upside down. In gathering cowslips and oxlips the most usual way was to mix the pips for wine making, but I can say, on a long memory, that the wine made only of oxlip pips had a deeper colour and a richer flavour.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.



AN EIGHTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD SYCAMORE.